

SEPT.
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



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Condy Cullen and The Gauger Carleton

AND MANY
OTHERS

SEPTEMBER, 1928

Many Able Men Waste Years before they learn this simple lesson

IN a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten." A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

* * *

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

"I wish I had acted earlier"

"My experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not; these are the years that the locust hath eaten.

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle my daily problems," another says.

Many able men waste years before they learn this simple lesson—before they learn that success today is impossible without training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 358,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he

This is one of the most
FAMOUS ADVERTISEMENTS
ever written

We first printed this unusual message under the title "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten" in 1919. Hundreds of successful men today are thankful that they read it. It is almost safe to say that it has created more discussion than any other advertising message the Institute has ever printed. Read it yourself; it's for every man who wants to cut the fruitless years out of his life.



Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is the institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks.

He knows that 358,000 men are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Advisory Council

The Advisory Council consists of: GENERAL T. COLEMAN DU PONT, the well-known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the internationally known statistician and economist.

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this, and knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be five years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest charge.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

Today you may start forward
with 358,000 others

You can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and

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IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London
IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
647 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

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Beginning Our New Serial
HALF SWORDS by Nalbro Bartley

ALIVELY novel of the blunders, trials and doings of a family in which a rebel daughter tries to rearrange the destinies of her parents with one hand and shape her own love affairs with the other. The first instalment appears in the October Issue.

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Illustrations by Harold Von Schmidt



"I'm depending on you to help me become a woman of the world," the lovely Sheila called out from behind the screen, while the bewildered Riddick answered the doorbell.

OUR NEW SERIAL
HALF SWORDS
By Nalbro Bartley
Beginning in the October Issue

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How \$5 Grew to \$100,000 In This Amazing Business

Let me send you my free book. It tells how, starting with a \$5 bill, I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years as a real estate specialist. I had no experience, little education, was in poor health, and had no influence. But I did have a system of my own which worked! And it is working today for many others who are making more money than they ever dreamed they would! My book tells their stories, too. Mail the coupon for your free copy

I STARTED with \$5—and an idea. My friends laughed and said "it's a fool idea."

But I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked, so I decided to "take a chance," especially since I had nothing to lose.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

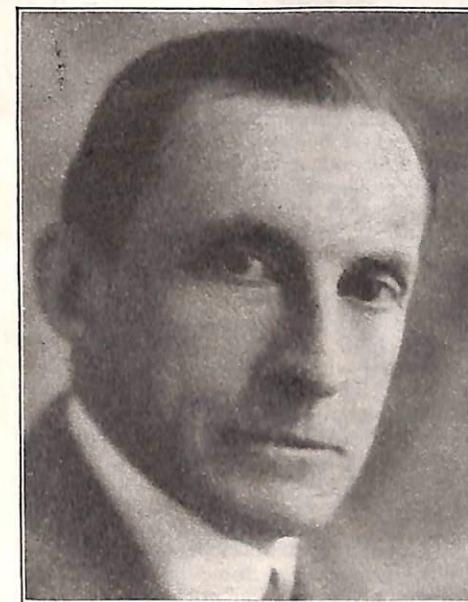
In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly one thousand dollars a month. And in less than five years I cleaned up a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

You, too, can make big money MY WAY. You can start in your own home, in your spare time. I don't care how old or how young you are or how discouraged you may be. I don't care how little education or influence you may have. I don't care how little business experience you may have had. You can make big money if you follow my methods—and when I say big money I MEAN it.

Amazing Earnings

The first step is for you to write for my free book.

Read my own story. Then read how W. E. Shoop, a former weaver, made \$6,000 on his first sale; how Mrs. Evelyn Balster, a widowed schoolteacher, made \$5,500 commission on her first sale; how Eugene Walrath, formerly in the clothing business, cleared \$17,000 on one deal; how Thomas E. Mone, Jr., a former insurance man, made \$40,000 in 2 years,



using my method. How Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, made \$8,500 in 17 weeks by following my method. How H. G. Stewart earned \$14,400 in commissions in 6 months. How Earl Beam earned \$910 in his spare time after supper in a few months with my system. How Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,000 in 3 months. How Al West made \$3,200 in 15 days. How A. D. Perkins, formerly in the furniture business, made \$2,556 in 2½ months. How F. B. Bennett made \$435 on his first day. They all did it in this amazing business, using my methods.

My free book tells all about these wonderful successes. It tells how when I started in real estate I thrust overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past and put

into operation my system which is superior to the old way as the modern ocean liner is superior to the old sailing vessel.

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system report earnings of \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000—on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start without capital or experience—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

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My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-9, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

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Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America
Edgar Sisson, Editor
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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

The SHRINE MUSICAL DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION

WHEN the Shrine Musical Directors Association voted at the Imperial Council sessions in Miami last May to urge the musical bodies of every temple to give at least one paid concert a year, the proceeds to build convalescent homes for crippled children, beginning at once, the Nobility at large did not realize the vitality or potential magnitude of the project. It is nothing less than a quarter-of-a-million-dollar-a-year proposition, and apparently with good prospects of going over.

Such is the dream of Noble Fred W. Brunkhorst, President of the Association, who also is Director of Tripoli Temple Band in Milwaukee. He assured his fellow directors in Miami that about \$250,000 a year could be raised in this way, and now the announcement is made by Noble Walter A. Bloedel that \$5000 net was garnered recently at one big program given in Tripoli's handsome new Moorish mosque. Noble Bloedel is publicity director of the Shrine Musical Directors Association and first lieutenant of the Tripoli Band.

Nobles Brunkhorst and Bloedel and their immediate associates hold that if the other 156 temples throughout Shrinedom do half as well the total for the year will be above the \$250,000 goal. Other temples are falling in line and it is expected that some very favorable financial returns can be told about in the near future.

The Association will not attempt to go beyond its sphere by building the proposed convalescent homes. At each Imperial Council session all moneys so accumulated by the several musical bodies of the temples will be presented to the Council.

Necessary details will be worked out later. All the Nobility has to do is to liberally patronize these affairs when their hard working musical bodies put them on. Shrinedom's chosen officials will do the rest.

Captain Brunkhorst's resolution was passed unanimously by the Directors, and later Noble Julius P. Heil, an Imperial Council Representative for Tripoli, secured the Council's unanimous approval.

We have been able to secure a copy of Noble Brunkhorst's speech to his fellow Directors. Through them, it is a direct message to every Shriner in North America. And so we give it, as follows:

"I wish at this time to present a motion before this body and which, I believe, will have a very beneficial effect in raising the standards of Shrine musical bodies in the eyes of their respective temples, the Imperial Officers and the public in general. In our musical bodies, all over North America, are thousands of men, musicians of the highest types and abilities. These men belong to Shrine Bands, Chanters, Oriental Bands and Drum Corps, in my opinion, for the sole benefit of meeting other Nobles whose love for music impels them to join our musical bodies, for the opportunity to help their Shrine, and indulge in their own passion for music.

"These Nobles are the nucleus of our Shrine musical body. They stand champing at the bit to perform some musical service for their temple. Each of you directors present here today realizes that such is the condition in any Shrine musical body which is properly organized and controlled. Each

of you is wondering just what you can do to promote the welfare of your organization. Just how important your organization really will be to your temple, just how you will elevate the respect shown your musical body, and just what you will be able to accomplish until we meet again at the 1929 Imperial Council Session.

"Let us not forget that we are Shriners. Let us not forget that we have pledged ourselves to the cause of little crippled children. Today the cause of the crippled child is the outstanding object in Shrinedom. Each of you may well ponder over the fact that outside of the social life in Shrinedom there is no big worthy cause except that of the crippled child.

"With this as a basis, stop to realize that there are 157 temples in North America, each having one or more musical bodies. Each of these bodies acting alone or collectively stands out as a potential donor to the crippled child. Each of the musical bodies has that power in its respective temple, at least once a year, to present the membership of the temple with some form of musical entertainment whereby funds could be raised, small or large, and such amount be given each year to the cause of the crippled child. In my opinion after careful consultation with a number of Past Potentates, Imperial Council delegates, and many other influential Nobles, an amount approximating a quarter of a million dollars can be raised, at least the first year, if each musical body in Shrinedom could give one concert a year.

"I am therefore presenting to you today this motion for your pleasure and hope that it will be thoroughly discussed pro and con. It binds no organization nor member of the Shrine Musical Directors Association to any unreasonable promises. There is nothing about the motion which is coercive. The director who votes Yes does not bind himself to any hard and fast agreement to produce a yearly concert, nor to pledge his organization to any set amount of money.

"Motion:—I move you, therefore, that each and every member of the Shrine Musical Directors Association pledge himself to the utmost of his ability and power to present one or more concerts or entertainments per year with his respective musical body, or in conjunction with associate musical bodies in his temple, the proceeds derived therefrom to be sent to a Treasurer of the Shrine Musical Directors Association Convalescent Home Fund, who, being duly appointed by the president after the regular election, properly and sufficiently bonded, and who will be charged to keep accurate account of all moneys received; this money to be given in its entirety to the Imperial Council on the first day of the Imperial Council session every year, for the sole purpose of building, helping to build, or maintaining Convalescent Homes for Crippled Children.

"President—Captain Fred W. Brunkhorst, Tripoli Temple Band, Milwaukee;

"1st Vice President—B. Marion Reed, Musical Director, Egypt Temple, Tampa, Florida;

"2nd Vice President—David Mattern, Leader, Saladin Chanters, Grand Rapids, Michigan;



(Walter A. Bloedel, Publicity Director of the Shrine Musical Directors Association, and First Lieutenant of Tripoli Temple's Oriental Band.)

"Secretary—A. O. Alford, Sudan Golden Concert Band, Raleigh, North Carolina;

"Treasurer—Dr. W. H. Renwick, Ben Ali Temple, Sacramento, California;

"Director of Publicity, Walter A. Bloedel, Lieut. Tripoli Oriental Band, Milwaukee."

Noble Bloedel has requested all the temple potentates to have their Divans confer with the directors of their musical bodies, "in the hope that you will have a generous part in the raising of such a fund for the betterment of the poor crippled children anxiously awaiting their turn at the doors of our Shrine hospitals. The idea is a most worthy one. The erection and maintenance of convalescent homes will increase our hospitalization of these poor crippled children three or four times."

Noble Bloedel was a member of Tripoli's famous Arab Patrol for six years, also serving as secretary and treasurer. The Patrol has 42 men in it, with an associate membership of 500 Nobles. In 1927 he resigned from the Patrol to assist in organizing Tripoli Oriental Band, of which he is first lieutenant and secretary. At the Imperial Council session in Atlantic City that year he was unanimously elected director of publicity, and was reelected in May of this year in Miami.

Officers of the Association are as follows:

President—Capt. Fred W. Brunkhorst, Tripoli Temple Band, Milwaukee.

1st Vice President—B. Marion Reed, Musical Director, Egypt Temple, Tampa, Florida.

2nd Vice President—David Mattern, Leader Saladin Temple Chanters, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

3rd Vice President—Ira Leon Evans, Leader Bektash Temple Drum Corps, Concord, New Hampshire.

Secretary—A. O. Alford, Sudan Golden Concert Band, Sudan Temple, Raleigh, N. C.

Treasurer—Dr. W. H. Renwick, Ben Ali Temple Band, Sacramento, California.

Director of Publicity—Walter A. Bloedel, Tripoli Temple Oriental Band, 215 Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Treasurer of Convalescent Home Fund—Past Potentate and Imperial Representative Julius P. Heil, Milwaukee.

Past Presidents—1926-1927, Dr. A. Howard Thomas, Lu Lu Temple, Philadelphia; 1927-1928, Major P. W. Price, Sudan Temple, Raleigh, North Carolina.

SEPTEMBER, 1928



"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak" —But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose!'"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!" "You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight. And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest pos-

sible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secret of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Send for This Amazing Booklet

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself. There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE C. V. DYKEMAN
Kismet Temple
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Past Imperial Potentate Dykeman was born in Brooklyn of old Dutch stock. He has lived there all of his useful life, participating prominently in many civic enterprises.

He became a Noble of the Mystic Shrine in Kismet Temple on January 31st, 1896, and was elected Potentate in 1906-07. He was first chosen a Representative to the Imperial Council in 1899 and has served

continuously since that time. After several years in the Imperial line, he was elected to the pinnacle post of Imperial Potentate for North America on June 7th, 1923.

Noble Dykeman was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason by Greenpoint Lodge No. 403; exalted in Altair Chapter No. 237, R. A. M.; knighted in St. Elmo Commandery No. 57, K. T.; received the degrees of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, Northern Jurisdiction, in the Aurora Greta bodies of Brooklyn.

Work for poor boys has been very dear to his heart for several years, in which deeds have backed up words and sympathetic thoughts. For many years he has been president of the board of trustees of Boys Welcome Hall in Brooklyn, and head of the Rotary Club committee for boys in Queens.

He was one of the incorporators of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and served as director of its department of political science.

He has been influential in the organization or management of several financial institutions.



NOBLE GEORGE W. VALLERY
El Jebel Temple
Denver, Colo.

Noble George William Vallery has just passed on to his successor the onerous duties of Knights Templar chief of the United States. He was chosen Grand Master of the Grand Encampment in 1925, which position he relinquished in July, ending fifteen years service in the Grand line of Knights Templar. Throughout his three years administration he kept up the interests of the Templars in the

Order's large educational loan scholarships. He was El Jebel's Potentate in 1903.

Noble Vallery was born in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on January 24th, 1861. George graduated from the Plattsmouth high school and went to work in the telegraph office of the C. B. & Q. Railway. In two years he was a first class operator, whereupon he transferred to the mechanical department to learn practical railroading.

After many years he was promoted to the general agency in Denver, so remaining until 1904, when he became general manager of the Colorado Midland Railroad, being promoted to the presidency in 1911. In 1922 he organized the investment security of George H. Vallery & Co.

He had become a Mason in Oriental Lodge No. 87, Denver, in 1893, a Royal Arch the same year, and a R. & S. M. later. In 1894 he became a Scottish Rite Mason, and was coronated a 33° in Washington in 1911. Also in 1894 he was received into the Knights Templar, Denver Commandery. Successively he was Sword Bearer, Junior Warden, Senior Warden, Captain General, Generalissimo, and finally Eminent Commander in 1901. In the Grand Commandery of Colorado he was appointed Grand Sword Bearer in 1904, going up through the chairs to that of Grand Commander in 1910. Three years later he was appointed Grand Warden at the Grand Encampment of the United States of America, and mounted steadily to the topmost round in 1925.



NOBLE JOSEPH S. MCINTYRE
Moolah Temple
St. Louis, Mo.

Noble McIntyre, the new Deputy of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, for Missouri, succeeds the late Noble Alexander G. Cochran. Five years ago he discharged the duties of that high post for several months while the S. I. G. was in Europe on DeMolay business. He has been a member of Moolah for 24 years.

Upon moving to St. Louis Noble McIntyre demitted to Tuscan Lodge No. 360. He was elected Master of Tuscan in 1907 and was reelected. In his second year Tuscan's beautiful temple was built. In 1914 he became Grand Pursuivant, and Grand Master of Missouri in 1923.

He was made a Royal Arch Mason in St. Louis Chapter No. 8 in 1915, entered Hiram Council in 1921 and Ascalon Commandery No. 16 in 1922.

Noble McIntyre, a 33° Mason, first saw Masonic light in 1900, in Mexico Lodge No. 544, Mexico, Missouri, of which he soon became Junior Steward.

A hard working farm boy, Joseph Shelby McIntyre, literally worked his way through school and academy, and the University of Missouri in the fine arts and law.

He now practises law in St. Louis with former U. S. Senators Zenophon P. Wilfley and George H. Williams.



NOBLE W. S. MCCREA
El Katif Temple
Spokane, Wash.

Noble William Stone McCrea is a Past Potentate of El Katif Temple and served for several years as one of its Representatives to the Imperial Council. He has always been a bell wether of the Nobility in the Spokane Oasis of the far Northwest. For many years he was a willing and faithful hewer of wood and drawer of water, on and off the Divan, before becoming Potentate.

Noble McCrea has been equally active and prominent in the Masonic branches, particularly the Scottish Rite, in which he is a 33°, Southern Jurisdiction. In the period 1921-23 he was Deputy of the Supreme Council in the State of Washington, and since 1923 has been the Sovereign Grand Inspector General of that Commonwealth, being one of the twenty-six active members of the Supreme Council, which has headquarters in Washington, D. C.

He has been a Trustee of Spokane Masonic Temple Association for twenty-six years and president thereof since 1926.

The Order of DeMolay has also found merit in his eyes,

WITHIN THE SHRINE



so that he has been Representative of its Grand Council in his State for six years, and an Active Member of the Council.

In private life Noble McCrea is president of his own bond, insurance and investment house.

NOBLE JOHN H. COWLES
Kosair Temple
Louisville, Ky.



Twenty years ago Captain John Henry Cowles, 33°, was elected Potentate of Kosair. He is Grand Commander for life of the Supreme Council, Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, and holds more than 100 active or honorary positions in this and several other countries.

According to Judge Charles Sumner Lobingier's History of the Supreme Council, Noble Cowles holds honorary memberships in various Shrine Temples. He is Honorary Grand Commander of the Supreme Councils of Turkey and Czechoslovakia; Honorary Past Grand Commander, ad vitam, of Rumania, and on the Supreme Councils of the Northern Jurisdiction, U. S. A., England, Scotland, Italy, Mexico and Cuba; Representative of the Supreme Council of Egypt; Honorary Grand Master of the National Grand Lodges of Egypt and Italy; honorary member of eight Blue Lodges and three Commanderies; on the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay; member of the Red Cross of Constantine; Past President of the Masonic Relief Association of the United States and Canada; a founder and treasurer of the George Washington Memorial Association.

Noble Cowles led the project which resulted in the recent gift of \$1,000,000 from Scottish Rite funds for the establishment of a school of government and foreign affairs at George Washington University in Washington, D. C.

Noble Cowles, who is a bachelor, was born in Dripping Springs, Kentucky, on August 22nd, 1863. He went to Cumberland University.

He was made a Mason in Louisville Lodge No. 400 in 1888. Three years later he was elected Junior Warden and was Master from 1893 to 1896. Becoming Grand Senior Deacon of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky in 1896, he was made Grand Master in 1909. While serving as C. O. of Co. H, First Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, in the Spanish-American War he organized Kentucky Army Lodge No. 1, U. D., which received a full fledged dispensation, and he became Master of it.

He was Eminent Commander of DeMolay Commandery in Louisville in 1896, afterward serving as the inspector for Kentucky. In the meantime, he had entered the Scottish Rite as early as 1890, was Master of Union Lodge of Perfection in Louisville from 1894 to 1903, and Commander of the Grand Consistory there from 1902 to 1909. In 1895 he had been selected for the K. C. C. H., becoming an Inspector General Honorary two years later. From 1911 to 1921 he was

Secretary General of the Supreme Council, and has been Grand Commander since October of the last named year.

NOBLE CLIFFORD IRELAND
Mohammed Temple
Peoria, Ill.



Promptly upon reaching the required two score and one the Hon. Clifford Ireland sought and obtained Masonic light, and was permitted despite youthfulness to take the higher degrees within the year. Nothing daunted, he then essayed the trip to Mecca, reaching there, parched and belabored, but contented, before his 22nd birthday.

Noble Ireland, who is now Imperial Oriental Guide, was born in Washburn, Illinois, February 14th (a sweet ? valentine) 1878, the son of Frank N. and Fidelia A. (Bangs) Ireland. His father was one of the financial pillars of Illinois and lived to a very advanced age. Cliff went to Cheltenham Military Academy, Knox College, the University of Wisconsin, and later to the Law School of the University of Illinois. His law degrees are LL.B., M.L., D.C.L. He began practise in Peoria in 1909.

At the age of 39 he was a member of Congress. He served three terms.

Being a busy member of Congress did not prevent Noble Ireland from working for the Shrine, the Commandery and the Scottish Rite. In 1919 he was elected Potentate of Mohammed Temple. He served with signal success as chairman of the committee on refund of taxes for the Shrine, and he and his confreres secured refunds to various temples of \$254,408 that had been illegally assessed against them.

NOBLE BERT S. LEE
Abou Ben Adhem Temple
Springfield, Mo.



Noble Lee, who retired last year after three years of important service as General Grand Master, Royal and Select Masters of the United States of America, is the only living man who is a past presiding officer of all the Masonic Grand Bodies of the York Rite in Missouri. He is also a 32° Scottish Rite Mason.

Noble Lee was born in Marshfield, Missouri, on October 30th, 1871.

Noble Lee became a Master Mason at the age of 21, being raised by Sparta Lodge No. 296, Sparta, Missouri. He transferred to Gate of the Temple Lodge No. 422, Springfield, serving as Master in 1899-1900 and in 1907. He was District Deputy Grand Lecturer from 1910 to 1912, in which year he was appointed Pursuivant in the Grand Lodge of Missouri, advancing steadily to the rank of Grand Master in 1922. He became a Royal Arch Mason in Vincil Chapter No. 110 in 1897, being High Priest therein in 1901 and 1908. He was elected Grand Master of the First Veil of the Missouri Grand Chapter in 1913, becoming Grand High Priest in 1921.

He received the degrees of Royal, Select and Super Excellent Master in Zabud Council No. 25, Springfield, serving as Illustrious Master in 1905-06 and 1907. In 1910 he was made Grand Master, R. & S. M. of Missouri. Being initiated in St. John's Commandery No. 20, Springfield, in 1897, he was elected Commander five years later. Entering the line of the Grand Commandery of Missouri, he served in each position and was elected State Gr. Commander, K. T., 1911.

His national career among Royal and Select Masters began with his election in 1912 as General Grand Steward, rising to be head of the Order 12 years later. Joining the Red Cross of Constantine in 1907, he was coronated a sovereign of St. Andrew's Conclave, Joplin, in 1918.

What the HOSPITALS Are Doing

NOT only was it a case of "laugh, clown, laugh" when the funny men of Noble Barnes' circus visited the Portland Hospital for Crippled Children on that aggregation's recent tour of the Far West. The little patients also laughed; which, of course, was the object of the party. They laughed loud and long. Noble W. J. Hofmann, secretary of the local hospital board, writes to the effect that it was one of the most enjoyable occasions the institution has ever had. Doctors, nurses and visiting "uncles" and "aunts" also enjoyed the fun without the necessity of brushing the dust off the old alibi of going to the circus "for the sake of the children."

The incident is but another illustration of the deep interest Shriners take in their hospitals and patients. In all of the ten hospitals and five mobile units from New England to the Hawaiian Islands to the Hawaiian Islands to the Hawaiian Islands good fun and lots of it is regarded as an important part of the cure. More than that, the Shriners arrange entertainments, concerts, parties and games just for the pure love of seeing the little ones make merry and forget pain for a brief space. Mayor George L. Baker of Portland, Ore., is chairman of the board of governors, with Noble Frank S. Grant as vice-chairman and Noble D. G. Tomasini as treasurer. Dr. Richard B. Dillehunt fills the important post of chief surgeon and Miss Letha Humphrey, R. N., is the superintendent. The hospital was the fourth one established, which was in January, 1924. It has

the standard bed capacity of 50 and is modern and well equipped in most respects. The investment value of the plant now is \$432,000.

It is not generally known by the Nobility that the Portland hospital's jurisdiction reaches even into Alaska. With the help of the mobile unit of about 20 beds in Spokane, it must take care of the great area of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and Alaska.

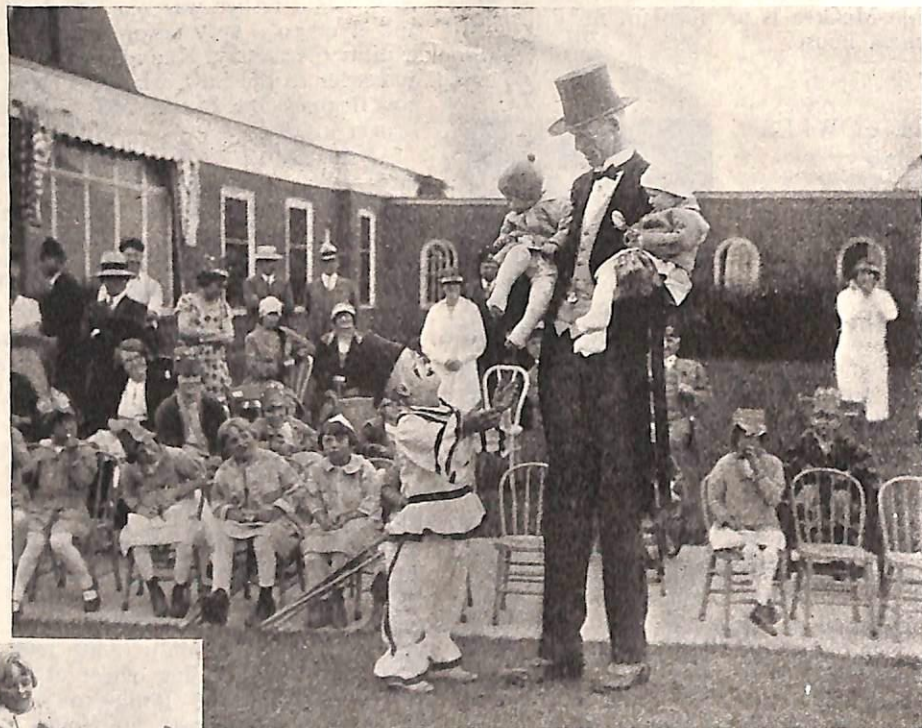
The Farthest North Shrine Club, located in Fairbanks, Alaska, has done noble work in its field. Secretary Hofmann writes:

"Most of the members of that Shrine Club belong to Nile and Afri Temples (Seattle and Tacoma), but there are also quite a number of other temples represented. They take an intense interest in the crippled children of

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of June, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	261
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	230
Number of beds occupied by patients	805
Number on waiting list.....	1788



(Above and Left) The happiest children in the world were to be found at the Portland, Ore., Unit, when the funny men of Barnes' Circus visited them.

tribution to the hospitals' fund, initiated in 1927 by Noble V. Wankowski. This Noble had first appeared before the Trustees in Atlantic City and suggested the raising of additional funds by means of voluntary contributions from Nobles, in addition to their regular annual assessment.

He raised \$300 in the form of \$10 each from thirty members of Al Bahr Temple in 1927, and this year the sum turned in was \$340. The same ten subscribed and four others joined the group. They have formally pledged the same amount for each year in the future.

Noble Wankowski and those working with him consider the plan feasible within the membership of all the temples. He is treasurer of Al Bahr Temple.

Through the kindness of Mr. V. R. Carrick, 600 Darby Road, Llanerch, Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Hospital arranges a picture show every other week. One of the most popular with the little patients has been "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as it was especially requested by some of the older children.

The out-of-doors sunshine ice cream parties of this unit, which has a capacity of 100 beds, always begin early in May, and are held as often as possible. At a recent one the cooling liquid and small cakes were furnished by the Phil "U" Club, of which Mr. S. Whitman is president. Games are always played after the refreshments have disappeared. And how! No Houdini or Thurston could snap the goodies out of sight quicker than the children do.

Recently they were right royally entertained by a private performance of Ringling Brothers Circus talent. The patients were seated around an improvised ring, and for more than an hour there was a merry uproar.

Past Imperial Potentate Kendrick and other governors of the hospital were present.

SEPTEMBER, 1928

Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a Magnetic Personality -5 Days FREE Proof!



NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof — absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so! Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What is Personal Magnetism?

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new, confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad nor

a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!



What is Sex Magnetism?

What is that magnetic powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist? You have it. Everyone has it. But do you use it?

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

The Facts are Free

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism,"

"The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind," and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

You can sway and control others. You can command success. You can influence people to do the things you want them to do.

Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

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You simply can't delay. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 180-R, Meriden, Conn.

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Dept. 180-R, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00 or return the book without cost or obligation.

Name
Address
City State

What Others Say!

"Has been worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"I am indebted to Shaftesbury for all that I am in this world."

"All I have I owe to my daily habit of studying Shaftesbury."

"I am glad that I dared to buy the books."

"The Personal Magnetism books have raised me from poverty to my present position."

"There is nothing better."

"I would not part with them for any sum of money."

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."

"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."

"I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000."

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1928

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

“The very few months I have served as your Imperial Potentate have made an incurable optimist of me. When I was elected to this high office in Miami there were matters of worry for me and certain tendencies in the drift of Shrine affairs which were to me causes of anxiety.

“Since my election I have visited many Temples and in each of these I have met thousands of keen-eyed, alert, forward-looking Nobles, both as officers and members. Looking into their faces, feeling the warmth of their hand-clasps and talking over with them the affairs of our beloved Order, I am now sure there is no such word as “fail” in the Shrine dictionary.

“In every city visited I have found the Nobility the very cream skimmed off the richness of business and professional life of the community. These are the men who have made civilization on this American continent the greatest the world has ever known.

“This has been because they have loved the country in which they live, the flag which waves over it and the town in which they have their homes, and have served them all well. No man, talking to them as I have talked to them, can fail to realize that just as they love their country, their flag, and their towns, so also do they love the Mystic Shrine. Just as they have served their country, flag and town, so are they ready to serve the laughing, living, loving, working Shrine Temple to which they belong.

“Allah is indeed in His heaven and all is right in the Shrine world! With these six hundred thousand Shriners working all for one and one for all we can not fail to go onward and upward in the future as in the past.

“It is trite but true that we get out of any organization, benefits and pleasures just in proportion to the work and interest we put into it. Now when the fall season is beginning a revival of Shrine activity in Temples all over the continent, my message to you as Imperial Potentate is to tie in with all the work and play of your Temple and accept my assurance that you will reap plethoric dividends of joy and happiness on the small amount of time investment.

“A sense of personal responsibility in the matter of petitions and work for the Temple is the just rent you should pay for the room you occupy in the Shrine world.

Yours in the Faith,

Es Selamu Aleikum

Frank Jones.
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

SEPTEMBER, 1928

11

Former Cow Puncher



\$525 a Week

“Before enrolling with N. S. T. A. I was a cowpuncher. When I completed the Course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than \$3,000 in the next five months which is proof enough that N. S. T. A. helped me. Since then I have made as high as \$525 a week.”—WM. SHORE, Neenach, Calif.

Former Dairyman



300% Increase

“My salary since I enrolled with N. S. T. A. has increased over 300% and I do not intend to stop at that. I was formerly employed in a Creamery, doing poorly-paid, unhealthy work. Now I have charge of 14 men, covering 4 states. Anyone wanting to become a leader should take the N. S. T. A. course.”—A. F. THOMPSON, Sioux City, Ia.

Former Factory Man



Over \$10,000 a Year

“Your splendid course is worth thousands of dollars to any man. When I started the N. S. T. A. course, I was a foreman in a rubber curing room at \$160 a month. I started selling after nine weeks and today my salary runs into 5 figures. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for N. S. T. A.”—R. B. HANSEN, Akron, Ohio.

Former Stenographer



600% Increase

“Six years ago I was a stenographer. Now I am in the advertising business for myself, and my earnings have increased 600%. The sales training and cooperation I received from the N. S. T. A. developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good.”—L. H. LUNDSTEDT, Chicago, Ill.

Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

Here Are Four Men Who Were Formerly Caught in the Hopeless Treadmill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One of Them Reports Earnings From \$5,000 Up to \$10,000 a Year. Right Now—The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives So Completely Is Open To YOU! Don't Fail To Read Every Word of This Vital Message!

Raised Their Pay 500% When They Discovered Salesmanship

Easy as A-B-C

THINK what a 500% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 5. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were five hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how amazingly these four men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always “on top”—and have not always made \$5,000—\$7,500—and \$10,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a cowpuncher; another a dairy employee; another a factory worker; the fourth a stenographer—and \$40 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

The First Step Up The Ladder

Men with REAL—not bogus—ambition usually find a way to go up the ladder and get what they want. These men did. And all of them chose SALESMANSHIP because they realized that it offers bigger rewards—and delivers them quicker than any other profession under the sun!

One or two of these men hesitated awhile because of the foolish superstition that salesmen have to be born with some mysterious gift—but in the end they all cast their lots with the National Salesmen's Training Association—with astonishing and gratifying results!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST EXCLUSIVE SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. M-241 N. S. T. A. Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

The experience of Mr. Hansen who rose from \$160 a month as a factory man to over \$10,000 a month after N. S. T. A. training—and the experience of the other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

Remarkable Book FREE

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable man-building volume called “Modern Salesmanship”—absolutely FREE! It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!



National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. M-241, (Attention of Mr. Greenslade, Pres.), N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, “Modern Salesmanship”—and particulars of your Free Employment Service for members.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Occupation.....

HEART & HAND

Illustrations by Will Perrin

THERE had been an accident on a branch line of the Sugar City and Dropage Railroad. An engine had run off its tracks. The engineer had been killed and six people seriously injured. These were taken off to the nearest doctor's office while the slightly damaged and the intact passengers, all but one impatient lady who hired a Ford car, were picked up, after a considerable delay, by the next train and carried on to their further destinations.

One of these, a pale and fair girl who had been badly shaken up but who had submissively followed those travelers in possession of the use and control of their limbs, was put off by a gentle conductor at the station named upon her ticket, Mist Creek.

She was the only passenger to disembark. Leaving left the train, she stood, her small purse her hat rather on the back of her head, in a dazzling glow of sunset light. The platform, was completely deserted.

From it, across a vast undulating ex- autumn, could be seen lolling against of hills. Toward these the train fled, littleness and, at last, as though led by Pied Piper, disappeared with a far-away invisible opening. The girl stood still, her her sides passively waiting.

Far off a moving dot became an out- the colorful roundness. It showed itself wagon and a team driven rapidly by a felt hat. As he came closer, and pulled

there and, hav- in her hand and waiting meekly station, a mere

panse golden with the sky, a range drew itself into a smoke-plumed shriek into some hands hanging at

standing fact in at last to be a man in a large up beside the



A Torn Letter—a Train Wreck—and a Bewildered Girl caught in the Whirl of Violent Circumstances

HUSBANDS

By Katharine Newlin Burt

station, the girl moved over to the platform edge to meet him. Neither one made any sign of recognition but the man hung his reins over the whip-socket, fumbled in his pocket, produced a letter and took off his hat thereafter with a flourish; a large-featured, narrow-headed man he was with a great deal of mouth and jaw.

"This is Mrs. Phoebe Shaw, I reckon," he announced and his eyes, deep-set and expressionless, betrayed for a second a shock of something like surprise.

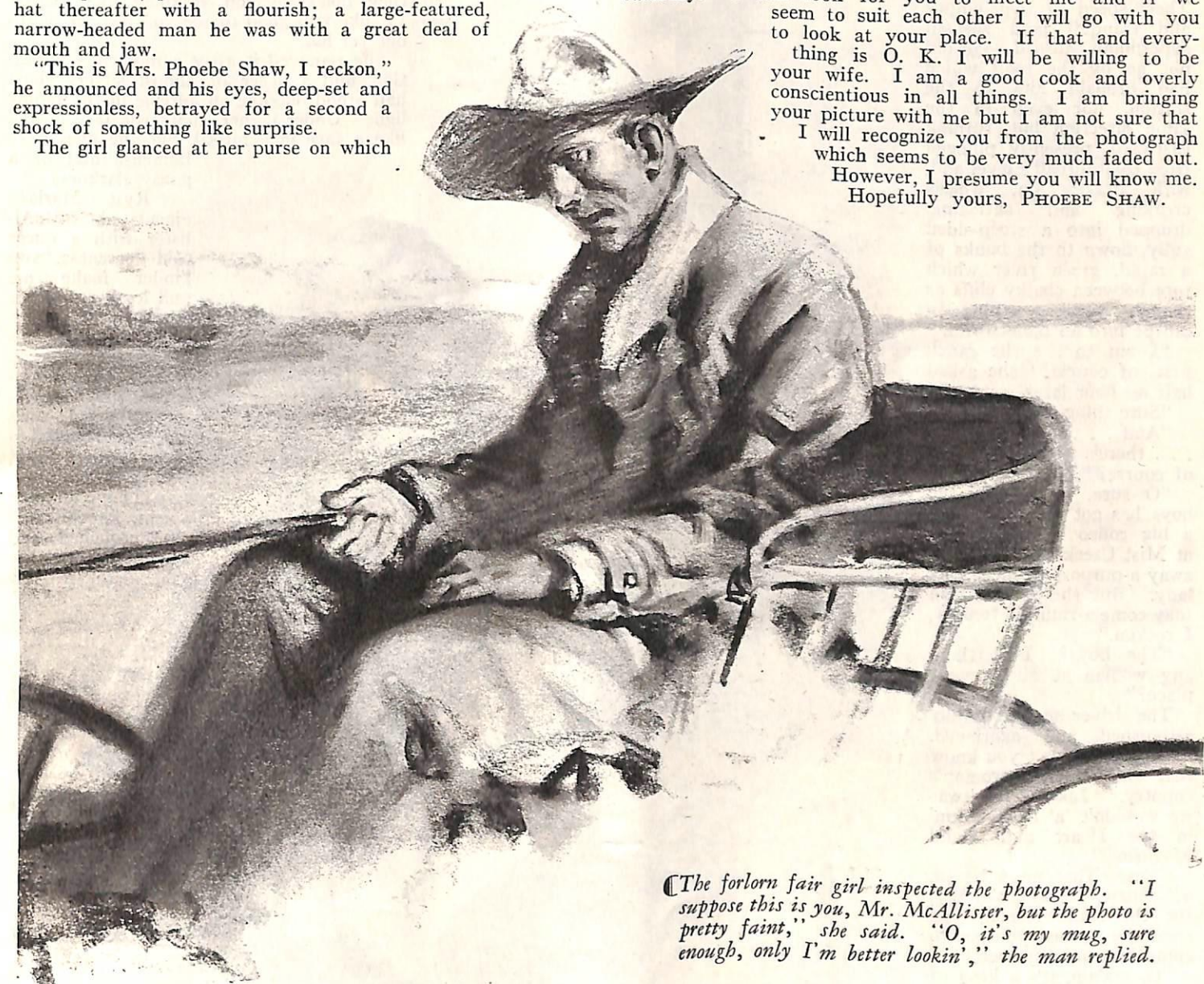
The girl glanced at her purse on which

to me to be the best. So I presume I will come out west to marry you. I am planning to leave Cos Co for Mist Creek next Monday week and will arrive, I presume, on Saturday. I will look for you to meet me and if we

seem to suit each other I will go with you to look at your place. If that and every- thing is O. K. I will be willing to be your wife. I am a good cook and overly conscientious in all things. I am bringing your picture with me but I am not sure that

I will recognize you from the photograph which seems to be very much faded out.

However, I presume you will know me. Hopefully yours, PHOEBE SHAW.



The forlorn fair girl inspected the photograph. "I suppose this is you, Mr. McAllister, but the photo is pretty faint," she said. "O, it's my mug, sure enough, only I'm better lookin'," the man replied.

were stamped the initials P. S., and nodded.

"Y-yes," she supplemented the nod tardily.

"Heart and Hand lady. I am the James McAllister you've been correspondin' with and I hev your last letter here sayin' as how you'd be arrivin' in these parts today. I'm right sorry to be so late."

"The train," said Phoebe Shaw slowly, "was wrecked. I just got in here about fifteen minutes ago. My baggage is lost, they tell me." She glanced down at the torn and crumpled letter he had put into her hand, lifted it as though it were heavy and read it through carefully from beginning to end, a wrinkle in between her fine straight eyebrows.

"Dear Mr. McAllister,

It looks all right and so do you. I like your face in the picture and I like what you say about your ranch. I have \$500 in cash and enough clothes to last me good for another season. If all works out satisfactory I can send for my furniture. I don't choose to fetch it with me now. I have had several applications in reply to my Heart and Hand picture and description but yours appears

P. S. My husband has been dead three years and while he was alive was a drunkard and treated me . . ." Here a large piece was torn jaggedly from the paper.

The forlorn fair girl, having read this letter, opened the purse marked P. S. and took out of it a card-sized photograph which she inspected anxiously.

"I suppose this is you, Mr. McAllister, but the photograph is really pretty faint. The mouth and chin do look the same."

"O, it's my mug sure enough, only I believe I'm better-lookin'."

She smiled uncertainly. "I think perhaps you are." Dis- concertingly and as simply as a little child, she came close and looked up into his eyes. Then she sighed, turned from him and gazed all about that vast plain. It had the shim- mering radiance of a new coin, its sky was exquisite, the air a heady and blue elixir. Color stole into the girl's dazed young face.

"It is beautiful . . . anyway," she said. "I wish . . ." she passed her hands several times rapidly across her eyes, gave her hat a desperate tug which brought it down almost

to the tip of her nose and, shaking herself with an energy which gave the action the character almost of a shudder, reached her hand to McAllister who was already on his front seat, and leaped lightly in beside him.

McAllister, who was a colorless man, gray-lipped, lashed his team liberally and rattled furiously away. Their speed in that empty and tranquil land seemed superfluous, absurd. He did not go by the road which had brought him to the station, nor even in the same direction but, turning eastward, presently plunged from the railroad's level and, with brakes on, wheels creaking and shrieking, dropped into a steep-sided gully, down to the banks of a rapid, green river which tore between chalky cliffs as though it were trying to escape into an underworld.

"I am to see the ranch first, of course?" she asked half an hour later.

"Sure thing. Sure thing." "And . . . and you have . . . there's someone there, of course?"

"O sure. Sure. If the boys has got back. There's a big rodeo celebration up at Mist Creek, savvy. I got away a-purpose to meet you, lady. But the rest of 'em may come a-ridin' in tonight, I reckon."

"The boys? Isn't there any woman at all at your place?"

The driver seemed mildly astonished and aggrieved. "Why, lady, don't you know that this ain't a woman's country. Likely if 'twas we wouldn't 'a' been talkin' in the Heart and Hand Magazine."

"Yes. That must be so, of course. And naturally, for the same reason, you treat the women you get to come here mighty well."

"O, ma'am, it's a kind of paradise for wimmen. A kinder paradise."

"You have a cattle-ranch, Mr. McAllister?"

"Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. But I run 'em mostly up to the other place."

"O, there are two ranches?"

"Sure thing. Why, my God . . . I ask yer pardon, lady . . . what would I do with just the one ranch? This here ranch I'm carryin' you to now, well, ma'am, it's what you might call my winter quarters where I hole in durin' snow."

"I should think the winter ranch would be the one nearer to town, Mr. McAllister." To this he said nothing and she went on falteringly, "When do you expect . . . the snow?"

"I'm lookin' for it shortly, ma'am. This here Indian Summer is not a-goin' to last."

"And when the snow comes, Mr. McAllister, a person can get out along this road? How deep does the snow get?"



WILL
PEARLIN

"She mounts up in the cañon, ma'am. She sure do mount up."

"I suppose . . . you haven't that copy of Heart and Hand with you, Mr. McAllister? The one, I mean, with my picture and a description of what I wanted for a husband?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I hev not. But I've got it with my papers either down here at the cañon cabin or up to Mist Creek . . . and a very pretty pictur' it is, ma'am, and a very neat workmanlike description, though they don't do you anything like justice. I'd like real good to see you, ma'am, without yer hat."

She removed it after a moment's hesitation, and a fleece of almost silvery short hair stood out like an aureole in the fading light. Under it, her small pale face looked like a face in a missal, but the eyes were immense and of a pansy darkness.

"Ryst Maria!" ejaculated McAllister with a queer cold fierceness, "you kinder make me pull leather, I swear you do."

He lashed his horses, far and near, with sudden violence, they leaped, they plunged, they ran. He shouted to them, stood up, rocked with the reeling, lurching wagon. Phoebe cried out, crouched and clung, shutting her eyes. In a few

Even in this appalling extremity the girl showed courage. "There may be rescue on the way!" a small voice was saying to her.

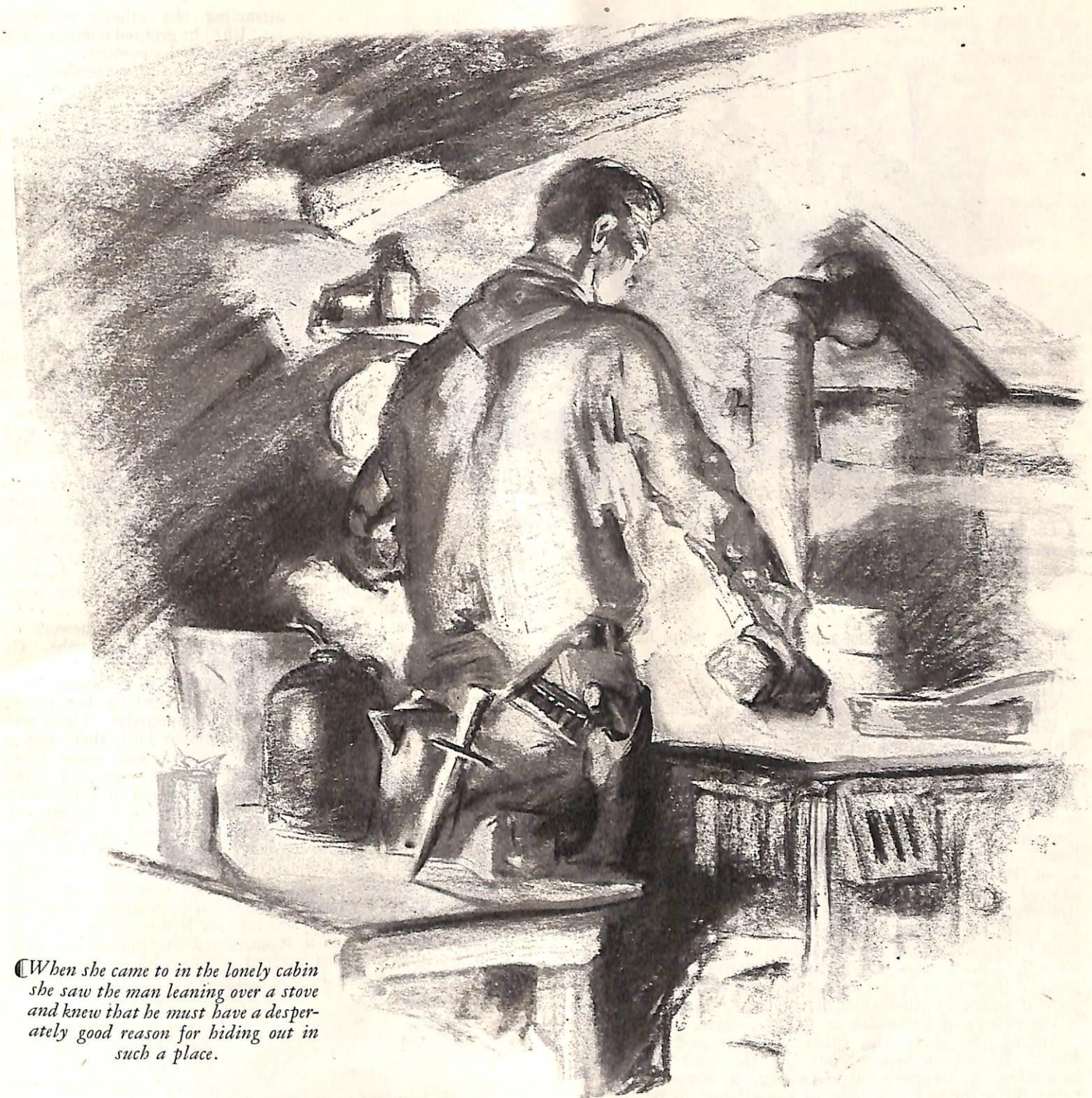
minutes they were going along soberly again; McAllister in his driver's place smiled crookedly.

"Scared you, missus?"

"Yes." She was weeping. "I—I've been in one accident today, and . . . and . . . my head feels so very queer."

He put out his big hand and patted her firmly on the back.

"Poor little woman! I won't do it again. I was kinder celebratin', I reckon, you'll get ust to my ways. I'm not a tame feller. No, ma'am, that ain't my natur'. I'm a kind of a mountain-cat, I am. A kind of a climbin', crouchin', springin' sonofagun."



When she came to in the lonely cabin she saw the man leaning over a stove and knew that he must have a desperately good reason for hiding out in such a place.

"How old are you, Mr. McAllister?" She was trying to edge as far as possible away from him along the seat. Her fingers nibbled at one another, were forced to catch at the wagon side, came back to fret and fumble together again. Tears had fallen upon them so that they were wet.

"How old would you say now, missus?"

"F-forty."

"Pretty smart you are, ma'am. Forty, come next birthday, Jan'y . . . Jan'y fifteenth, and a child er Capricorn. Least-ways, as near as I c'd figger from the almanac though the page's torn and I'm kinder uncertain. Mebbe, 'twas Leo. You're jest a kid, I reckon."

"Didn't I . . . didn't I give my age in Heart and Hand?"

"Yes, ma'am. You sure did. You was overly conscientious in all things just like you wrote it down in your last letter. But I can't believe you reckoned it out jest right," he finished up.

"What did I say?"

"Why, ma'am, you says you was twenty-eight, but you sure don't look it."

She was silent. She looked down at the struggling small hands and her tears fell. He was very busy with his driving. It was getting dark and the cañon walls gathered in closer, making a narrow runway above for fiery, shining stars.

"Wh-when do we get there, Mr. McAllister?"

"We're a-comin' now. We've got to ford right here, gal, and the river's deep. Tuck yer feet under you and lay ahold of my waist. Here we goes, missus."

The team went desperately down, their hooves slid and fumbled among the cobbles of a sudden bank, the shrieking brakes alone held the wagon from settling upon their haunches. All around them then the dark water swept and swirled and pulled, tearing across their wagon floor, piling up almost to the top rims of their high wheels, dragging the whole vehicle aside. For an instant the horses seemed to have lost their footing, to be swimming, drowning. McAllister shouted, lashed, the river sucked around his boots. There was a sickish swinging motion, a frantic series of hard jerks, and Phoebe felt the wagon mount up an opposite bank rougher and steeper than the one they had just left. Above it, the horses stopped.



The golden fleeced girl sat looking at her pretty knees so strangely branded with the same initials as the handkerchief.

attracting the other's attention. "Uh?" he grunted uninterestedly at her second summons.

"May I go . . . somewhere . . . and wash up for supper? I—I don't feel very well."

He jerked his head toward the door.

"Might be some water in there. Might be some soap. Might be a piece of flour-sacking for a towel."

She got to her feet and moved uncertainly, conscious of dizziness and headache, across the room. After a struggle she forced open the ill-hung door and went through it into pitchy darkness.

"Is there . . . may I have a light, Mr. McAllister?"

Mr. McAllister muttered something

vaguely discourteous, but strode in presently, struck a match and lighted a stump of candle stuck like its neighbor to the top of a more informal table, made of a packing-box which supported, besides, a dingy tin basin and a remnant of gritty soap.

He then went out.

The girl saw a bed of cords laced across a framework of rough planks and partly covered by dry balsam boughs. Of blankets or pillows there was no shred or patch.

She sat down on the edge of the queer bed, looked down at her feet, her skirt, her hands, and, opening her purse, examined every particle of its contents minutely. There was a bundle containing five one-hundred-dollar bills, there was a very dirty, perfumed handkerchief, there was some loose change, a baggage check, half a nibbled biscuit and three enormous hair-pins. There was the photograph of McAllister, fainter than ever in this light, and there was the letter written and signed by Phoebe Shaw. This she reread and put into the pocket of her little tweed traveling suit. From this same pocket, she drew out, unexpectedly, another handkerchief; clean, fine and dainty. She spread this carefully out upon her knee. In its corner was worked a monogram. Bending above it under the candle she saw its letters to be C. I. J. Pulling up her skirt she next examined the top of her gray woolen stocking. It was marked neatly with a tape, C. I. Jamieson. The owner of the handkerchief, the purse, and

"You shan't get away," Kurt panted. And then the door opened and the sheriff's torch light found them.



the stocking sat staring down at her pretty little knee so strangely branded. Then abruptly she rose and came with panic swiftness and force into the outer room.

"Mr. McAllister," she said, and this was spoken in a new tone of decision and authority. "I want you to take me back at once to Mist Creek. There has been a mistake. I don't think that I am Phoebe Shaw." But then she lost her self-possession and wailed pitifully, stretching out her hands with a sad, groping motion, "O, I don't seem to know who I am."

McAllister's attention, this time, was sufficiently arrested. "Say it ag'in, missus," he begged anxiously, "and say it simple-like. I have had a hard day and I don't feel I can bear up under anything you might call startlin'."

The delicate, golden-fleeced, small figure repeated, "I don't know who I am."

She came closer to him and held out the dainty square of cambric she had taken from her pocket. "Do you see those initials, Mr. McAllister? They're C. I. J. That doesn't stand for Phoebe Shaw, does it? And . . . some of my clothing is marked C. I. Jamieson."

"But, my Gawd, missus, look a' here, and let's move slowly, for it's sure a new game to me. I'm scared you ain't normal. No, ma'am, yer acts and then yer words don't scarcely come under the general head of normalcy."

"Tell me, look at me now closely, do I really look like the photograph of Phoebe Shaw?"

The river rattled suddenly outside and McAllister stopped moving, stopped breathing even, to listen.

"I reckon not," he decided after an



interminable stretch of silent waiting. He turned to her again and spoke roughly. The interruption had changed his humor. "I don't give a dern, lady, who you are, and that's the facts of the case as I see 'em. It wasn't fer yer face, or fer yer letters neither, that I fetched you . . . though I'm not sayin' the five hundred dollars ain't a-goin' to come in handy fer me. I fetched you with me jest to get you plum out of the way, so's you wouldn't get to Mist Creek any too soon and begin inquirin' for James McAllister." "Then you aren't . . ."

"Now, then, go slow. Don't jump at nothin'. Did I say I wasn't McAllister? McAllister's my name. And, bein' normal myself, I knows it. Yes, ma'am. I'm sure McAllister. Jim or not Jim we are not inquirin'. But McAllister. That card is on the table, face up. All you got to do now, to make a hit with this here McAllister, is to quit botherin' me and to get some supper." He caught himself up in this smooth flow of reasoning and looked at her sharply. "But, look a' here, here's something not so easy. If you ain't Phoebe Shaw, where's Phoebe?"

"If I am not Phoebe Shaw, I suppose the real Phoebe was one of the passengers that got so badly hurt. I—I found the purse and the hat beside me . . . There was an accident . . ." She passed her hand across her eyes.

"Sure thing. There was. I recollect you tellin' me so on the Mist Creek station platform. An accident. Was you hurt any?"

"I—I don't know. I can't remember. I just found myself walking with some other people and I got into a train and the conductor told me I'd a ticket to Mist Creek and that someone would meet me there. I felt so scared, so queer. Nothing had any name. I couldn't think. I just waited, hoping all the while that things would clear up. When you drove in and told me about the Heart and Hand letters, I was sure then that I must be Phoebe Shaw though her letter didn't seem to be . . . me . . . somehow. I mean, I could see the mistakes in it which I don't believe that I'd be able to do if it had been my letter. But I was scared that if I told you how it was with me, you'd think me crazy and go away and leave me there, all by myself, a myself that was . . . no-one, a blank."

"And so you played you was Phoebe Shaw . . ." He looked at her shrewdly.

"Maybe I am! Maybe I am!"

" . . . and you come along with me, Jim McAllister." The child of Capricorn—or was it Leo?—was overcome with dry and exquisite mirth. The joke seemed to be peculiarly congenial to his sense of comedy. "Well, if we ain't a queer pair to be stuck off here together in a snow-shoe cabin!"

He laughed and contorted himself while the girl blankly considered him. She too, but in another mood, was recognizing that they were indeed a queer pair. It was in her mind to go out and put an end to all queerness forever by one quick plunge into the swirling river. Life with no past, with no remembered words or faces, without a name or history, life with no sort of future but this that her senses painted for her at the moment, seemed a trap. From her spirit, however, that spirit so curiously estranged, emerged some inheritance of courage. Even in this appalling extremity—and it would be difficult to imagine one more overwhelming—some voice was saying to her, "Give yourself a chance. Keep a stiff neck. Don't run before you have to. The cloud may lift. There may be rescue of some sort on its way. If you are C. I. Jamieson someone will be looking for you, expecting you. There may be love, a home, and once safe there, once rested, once loved, the numb shock that is on you will tingle into awakening. You will remember. You will find yourself again."

And, curiously, she managed even to smile at this strange discovery of an essential self. Certainly, she had some courage. She was not broken, weeping, or distraught. And, now that she had faced the truth of her disaster, a blow or perhaps only a nervous shock which had resulted in a temporary loss of memory, she was showing a spirit of adventure, of gallantry. The observer felt that drooping head raise itself, knew that the blood was running faster. Yes, the girl had pluck. She came of the right stock.

"Mr. McAllister," she said, allowing the spirit of the unknown to step out freely for the first time into speech. "What you have really done is just to kidnap me."

"Uh? What's that you tell me, missus?" His laughter stopped and his face went comically blank.

"There's something wrong somewhere." She looked about her. "This isn't the sort of home Phoebe Shaw thought that she was coming to. If you are really James McAllister, you must have misrepresented your circumstances to her in your letters . . . just as you misrepresented them to me in the wagon. The boys who would come riding in . . . the cattle . . . the two ranches. The best thing you can do is to hitch up that team and take me back at once to the town. I ought to see a doctor. I should have a rest. [Continued on page 53]

The Business Man Looks

—finds that Civilization has no Substitute for Marriage
—and suggests a Business Method of Reducing the Divorce Rate

WHY do so many marriage partnerships go into bankruptcy?

Your answer will probably depend upon personal or nearly personal experience.

A St. Louis merchant, interviewing a slow pay customer, concludes his tactful inquisition with: "Although Blank & Blank tell me you still hold your good old job with them you, who used to pay us promptly, have become a most unsatisfactory charge account. Now tell me what your trouble is."

The young man on the credit carpet hems and haws before he explains: "My wife rows me because my income hasn't doubled in the two years since she married me. I can't stand the pace she sets with cars and clothes and theaters. I guess she wants to leave me and marry a wealthy man. A fellow has to have the coin to take a chance on modern matrimony."

The merchant promptly registers relief, and says: "What is happening to you happens to lots of customers. Why not let my credit manager budget you? Financial difficulties wreck many marriages."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Customer has told her troubles to a sociologist who declares: "You and your husband are emotionally maladjusted. If you two will learn emotional forbearance and unselfishness you will weather any of life's storms."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Customer call, together, on the credit manager who after a detailed argument sells them on his family budget plan—and another triumph is scored for matrimony.

By what means? "By business management," affirms the big town merchant. "By emotional forbearance and unselfishness," asserts the sociologist.

Which expert really solves this social problem? Let us regard the problem carefully.

Some savants believe its importance is exaggerated, that the marriage institution is not in any pressing danger. Dr. Walter F. Willcox, distinguished economist and statistician of Cornell University, finds by consulting our census figures that during 1922 only 652 divorces were granted out of every 100,000 married couples—.00652 percentage of

(Husband thinks wife knows nothing about business and tells her nothing, but sometimes the wife is to blame for a lack of interest in her husband's work.



failure. Judge George C. Appell, president of the New York State Association of Children's Court Judges, is not pessimistic about matrimony because during 1926 only 180,686 of more than 24,000,000 married couples secured divorces—.0075 percentage of failure.

Although a slight increase in divorce percentage is noticeable the economist and jurist are not alarmed because their analyses indicate that marriage is at least 99% successful. This is as good a showing as that made by Bradstreet's reports on commercial failures and successes.

Unfortunately these figures do not tell all the story.

If you are inclined to criticize a comparison of matrimonial and business failures please read the following from the 1927 report of the Joint Committee on Domestic Relations made by John S. Bradway, Secretary of the National Association of Legal Aid Organizations:

"Divorce is comparable to the death of an individual or the dissolution of a corporation. Back of the divorce, however, lie the real problems. Disagreements, desire for separate support, desertion, abandonment and non-support, lie in this field. Too much is said about the rights of the individual and too little about his duties to the group of which he is a member by birth or marriage."

at MATRIMONY

By Earl Chapin May



census figures to Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, sociologist of wide experience. "When our country had 62,000,000 inhabitants, in 1890," I suggested, "our courts granted 33,461 divorces; in 1925, with 115,000,000 population, 175,449 divorces were granted. So divorces more than quadrupled while population increased 66 2/3%. As Bradstreet's annual reports show that business and matrimonial partnerships increase progressively and that there were only 4,750 more business failures in 1923 than in 1903 while, by comparison, there were 127,628 more divorces, doesn't it look as though matrimony is in need of better business management?"

That question brought up the old tradition that ninety percent of all who engage in business fail. At which I quoted Bradstreet's Journal, to wit:

"We have and know of no statistics to prove the truth of this tradition. Many concerns retire or change their names without loss to any creditors. But when anybody asks us, 'Do ninety percent of all persons engaged in business fail?' we answer, 'No,' because our records show that the annual death rate from commercial failure is only about one percent."

Moreover, Dun and Bradstreet point out that while business failures vary in numbers annually they do not increase, proportionally, with the years. Business is safer than it used to be. It is guarded and watched more carefully.

But laying aside this comparison of matrimonial and business failures and considering only divorces recorded by our census figures, Dr. Davis made this comment:

"The emotional must be given prior consideration when weighing the causes of failure in domestic life. It is not fair to take at their face value any and all statistics on divorce. Undoubtedly the United States census figures are accurate, and I am not questioning the correctness of the census bureau's analysis. But many conferences with judges of domestic relations courts and with others who are professionally interested in this subject convince me that court records do not tell all the truth."

Before becoming general secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, Dr. Davis was graduated from Vassar College, received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, of LL.D. from Mt. Holyoke College and Western Reserve University and of A.M. from Yale. She has had ample opportunity to study causes and results of marital infelicity as superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women, commissioner of correction for New York City and chairman of the parole commission.

"Far be it from me to deny that poor housekeeping, selfishness, extravagance, bad temper and lack of preparation for wifehood may break up many homes," she says. "The husband's lack of responsibility as family provider or his cruelty may be, and often are, grounds for divorce. Probably too many young couples hasten into matrimony without realizing that each partner of life's joys and sorrows must make material as well as social sacrifices."

"It is doubtless true that, according to court records, nearly



(Education, training and circumstances determine whether the angel, devil or cat shall predominate in a woman.

As the result of a questionnaire sent to judges of domestic relations and children's courts, county clerks and similar authorities, this Joint Committee ascertained that in Montgomery County, O.; Jackson County, Mo.; Omaha; Duluth; Minneapolis; Shawnee County, O.; Baltimore; Franklin and Stark Counties, O.; Chicago; St. Joseph's County, Ind.; Richmond, Va.; and Milwaukee there was, during 1926, an average of one broken home to five marriages.

This report on a cross section of our country does not agree with census figures which show that during 1922 there were only about thirteen percent as many divorces as marriages while last year fifteen percent was the maximum. But divorces are not the only domestic disasters which come before our learned judges. The Joint Committee report turned in by Mr. Bradway includes homes broken up by annulments, legal separations, desertions and non-support.

Incidentally and, I think, importantly, Mr. Bradway shows by another questionnaire that the courts collected nearly \$2,500,000 for alimony and for support of wives and families in only eighteen communities during 1926.

The number of causes for broken homes is discouraging. Mr. Bradway lists the following: General and industrial accidents, blindness, chronic disability, death of some member of a family, defective eyes or teeth or hearing, chronic intemperance, malnutrition, maternity, occupational diseases, acute illness, old age, tuberculosis, all kinds of nervous and mental diseases, adult delinquency, illegitimacy, imprisonment, juvenile delinquency, insufficient earnings and unemployment, bad housing and second generation dependency.

In order to get a well known woman's viewpoint I quoted

fifty percent of the 1925 divorces were granted because of desertion by one or the other parties to the suit and that cruelty was the ground upon which forty-three percent of divorces were granted to women that year.

"In my opinion, and in the opinion of many who are close to these court cases professionally, the great majority of divorces could be traced directly to emotional maladjustment, if the whole truth and nothing but the truth were told. That is what is back of most of them, although it is seldom mentioned by lawyers or witnesses. The parties most concerned do not want to talk about it.

"Financial problems due to selfishness, situations that involve social or material sacrifice, bad management in the husband's office or his home may cause strained relations between man and wife. But divorces do not develop from them if man and wife are adjusted emotionally.

"Emotion is what motivates the race. Hence, as all life is emotional, and emotion is the basis of all life, and emotional maladjustment causes matrimonial infelicity, how can this maladjustment be adjusted?

"Begin with the baby," Dr. Davis says. "Teach it that it cannot have everything. Teach it that sacrifice is one of the sure ways to attain happiness, that mere selfishness in anything cannot benefit or brighten the life of anyone. Once that idea is inculcated, once the fledgling learns that it must attune its racial inheritance to the inheritance of fellow beings, even emotional maladjustment can be overcome. At least it can be so controlled that it is no longer formidable. If the married couples who are maladjusted had learned this truth in babyhood few of them would think they find it necessary to seek legal freedom in some court of law."

Having considered this famous woman's viewpoint of the problem, let us hear from a mere man psychologist. In addition to being a Bachelor of Arts from Knox College, a Doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg University, and member of the faculty at Columbia University, Ray Addison Sigsbee has studied about sixty thousand cases which required mental as well as material readjustment. Dr. Sigsbee does not quite agree with Dr. Davis, except that adult troubles start in childhood. He thinks that emotional causes are secondary in domestic difficulties. He says:

"We ordinarily consider the causes for divorce as falling more generally under those characteristics which have as their basic psychological foundation the feeling element in our consciousness. However, in the many cases which have come to my personal attention I have been led to an entirely different opinion.

"In many cases, perhaps in the majority of cases, the real cause lies more in the effects of early training and the habits of thought which the adolescent-mind and the adult-mind have gradually acquired through environment, education and experience. It is my conclusion that the basic reasons for domestic infelicity are due more to our ways-of-thinking than they are to our ways-of-feeling.

"The temperamental causes such as selfishness, poor sportsmanship, exaggerated ego, infidelity, incompatibility, temperamental differences, individualism, irresponsibility, etc., are only apparent reasons. These are the outcroppings of a gradual development which has been going on in the individual since early childhood. They are the characteristics which come to the surface and appear as the means of causing the final break.

"The real causes are to be sought in the early training, environment, education and experience which have developed these characteristics in the individual. By the time a person has reached the marriageable age his habits of thought and action have been pretty well formed. Therefore, in order to attack this problem in a constructive way we must look further back than the immediate personality differences which appear as the legal reasons recognized in the courts.

"Parents early note certain characteristics in children—such as inability to get along with their playmates, a desire to play alone and have nothing to do with others, sulkiness, outbursts of temper when crossed by playmates or parents, extreme selfishness and similar tendencies. Most parents, being ignorant of the proper way to handle the child, follow the line of least resistance and resort to scoldings or even corporal punishment in the firm belief that they are doing the right thing by the child. They say, 'He will outgrow it.' True, he may outgrow it as a childish experience, but too often it will reappear again in adulthood in a slightly different and more stubborn form.

"However, you may say, 'it is all right to talk about training our children and eliminating these tendencies which develop

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

in later life non-cooperatives, but what about the present generation? Can nothing be done to help them?

"Oftentimes I have been able to make adjustments in the adult's mind by an appeal to reason and the application of common sense to the situation. In most cases the seeds of discontent have slowly and almost imperceptibly germinated out of a situation which could be designated as too little team-work.

"The subtle inroads of this situation are scarcely recognizable. Husband thinks wife knows nothing about business and tells her nothing. Consequently, she cannot bring an understanding mind or heart into the home atmosphere.

"He never definitely formulates his thoughts, but that is the feeling back of his growing discontent. The distance between them widens and the little sympathies of earlier days change to petty fault findings. The snowball grows, then comes the break.

"On the other hand, wife may be to blame for lack of willingness to participate in the partnership. She may not bring an understanding mind or will toward husband's endeavor to acquaint her with his work.

"In the case of the majority of young people, whose marriage relationship is headed for the rocks, the underlying difficulties are to be found in the lack of fair realization of the responsibilities involved in the case of each of the contracting parties. And again, among married people a lack of willingness to share in the responsibility of the partnership brings about insuperable difficulties."

Now let us hear from a man of medicine—Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D. His words are words of authority. For fifteen years he has been medical director of the Life Extension Institute. He has card indexed 400,000 cases of men and women who came to his Institute to be thoroughly examined.

All doctors get the low-down on life but Dr. Fisk has got an unusual lot of it. Yet he is very strong for matrimony.

"This may be, in part, because I had thirty-seven years of married happiness," he declares. Then he cites the Willcox figures mentioned earlier in this article. "The components of successful marriage are health, sanity, courage, patience, self-sacrifice, tenderness of heart, serenity and endurance. But it is a curious and lamentable fact that the most important relationship in society is entered into with little training or education as to its responsibilities and necessary adjustments.

"About the only education the average individual receives for marriage is through novels which grossly distort and over-emphasize emotional factors. Thus most young men and women are educated to get married but not to stay married.

"If young people contemplating marriage were thoroughly examined mentally and physically and their temperamental as well as physical defects discovered; and if they were taught the psychology as well as the physiology of marriage the divorce rate would be enormously reduced.

"Not one of the 400,000 people examined by the Life Extension Institute was perfect, and more than fifty percent required important medical attention. The medical instead of the legal court should be consulted in case of trouble between man and wife.

"This is the principle followed in business. We had a case not long ago of a partner in an insurance agency who had become so testy that no one could get along with him. His long-suffering partner finally prevailed upon him to be medically and mentally examined. We speedily found and remedied the difficulty. Now both partners are again happy and prosperous. We have thousands of cases similar to that.

"Education, training and circumstances determine whether the angel, the devil or the cat shall predominate in a woman or the knight errant, devil or brute in a man. Medical science can control education, training and some circumstances.

"I am not in sympathy with the doctrine that divorces are due to women's selfishness and extravagance. Many a wife does make her husband hustle to provide for her and the children. But that is good for the husband in nearly every case.

"Civilization has no substitute for marriage. Its abolishment would be followed by a moral cataclysm, by economic confusion and the destruction of the unit upon which all society depends. The man and his family cannot be eliminated. There should be, I admit, better education in responsibilities, more warning of the apparently trivial rocks on which homes are wrecked. But we place entirely too much stress on the emotional promontories; they are greatly over-emphasized in movies and current literature."

Then in my search for a solution of the divorce problem laid before a board of big business [Continued on page 62

A Colorful Story of
Central America by

AUSTIN
PARKER

(Block Prints by
Lowell L. Balcom



(After Gen'l Romarico
got his army of two
hundred aboard the
old scow, he posed for
the sake of photog-
raphers and posterity.



FANFARRONADA

(Commander Jerry, General Sara and smart old
Elmer Brand show War a Few Tricks

IT HAPPENED to ask Elmer Brand where he picked up that excellent and mouth-filling exclamation of his: "God-love-us-and-save-us-said-old-lady-Davis." He used it frequently, never skimmed it, never skidded over it in a rush of emotion: the words came out fully rounded, distinct, as though he liked each one of them for itself alone.

"That was what Jerry Thorn used to say," he replied thoughtfully. "Guess I just swiped it from him. Lieutenant Commander Gerald M. Thorn, U. S. N." He let a mouthful of tobacco juice sizzle out across the railing of the Strangers Club into the dark tropical water where it struck a gash of phosphorescence. "Haven't I ever told you about Jerry Thorn and Sara Reddick and the time when the Indians blew off steam down the coast?"

"No, you haven't," I said. "Let it roll." His hands clapped twice, like giant firecrackers, and he let out an anguished cry of "Boy! Boy! Now where is that

Senegambian so-and-so? Never here when you want him! Boy!"

The waiter came out in what was, for a Jamaican dinky, a spirited rush. We gave our order. "I like to have plenty to drink, right where I can get at it handy," remarked Elmer Brand, "because—God-love-us-and-save-us-said-old-lady-Davis—it certainly makes a man thirsty to talk."

The boy came, placed the tray upon a table between our chairs. "Now go away," Elmer told him, "an' don't come back until I yell. When I yell bring some more ice."

Sara was just a pretty little blonde kid, about sixteen years old, when I first saw her. That was right after the war, when her father came down here to take charge of the Daimier plantation. He was a civil engineer to begin with. Used to work on the canal when it was being dug. Wife died there.



Then he was in the war, and got both gassed and wounded. I've been around Central America, everywhere from Tegucigalpa to Bogota, for more 'n forty years and so when he landed here he came to talk it over with me. For one thing, he was pretty leary about taking the kid down the coast because he'd heard tales that the Indians were dangerous and he had half a mind to ship her back up north and put her in school.

"I won't go!" she said to me on the side. And by the cut of her jib I knew she meant it.

I told him that the Indians would be the least of his troubles and I gave him a message to the chief. The chief and me were great friends. So Sara and her father made a compromise: half the time up north with relatives and half the time down here with him. It was about then that I got mixed up in this Cucuta Basin concession, so I didn't run across them again. Cucuta Basin is up the coast and their plantation was down, and we just didn't happen to meet up with one another.

Well, sir, you never know what's going to pop loose next around these countries. Guess that's one reason why I never go up north—afraid I'll miss something. But any one who knew his hat from his head knew, about two years ago, that there was going to be trouble down on those Indian islands before long. I warned old Riquelme—he was president then—about it and told him that the policemen he had stationed on the islands were a pack of good-for-nothing scamps and that his *intendente* was playing high, wide and crooked with him.

But Riquelme said he couldn't do anything about it without hurting the feelings of his wife's aunt's half-cousin-by-marriage-once-removed, or something important like that, so I shut up. Ever since 1902 when the United States government sent me special greetings and told me I'd either keep out of revolutions or have my citizenship taken away from me I've been as pure, politically, as a lily.

When the news came that the Indians had started out on the warpath, killing five policemen and running the *intendente* out of the islands, I laid low and minded my own business. But this great an' sovereign republic blew its great an' sovereign lid off. There hadn't been any fighting for almost a year and the people wanted some excitement. So a holiday was declared while the army looked for its rifles and uniforms; the band was called out; the ladies got all dressed up; and every hombre with a pair of shoes to his name, which meant that he either was in politics or wanted to be, gave orations as long as any one would listen. Longer!

Anyhow, the republic was in danger—from a bunch of Indians with nothing but shotguns—and national honor must be avenged! Pshaw! Going down there to shoot a bunch of Indians who didn't want anything more than the privilege of living peaceably and minding their own business!

Just before noon General Romarico got his army assembled—about two hundred of them—and started getting 'em aboard that old scow, the *Estrella*, which is the local navy. You've never seen such a sight in all your life. Women and children bawling because their loved ones were going to war, and the army full of native rum an' getting fuller.

Vivas for everybody. *Viva* this an' *viva* that. Finally when all the soldiers were shoved, carried or rolled aboard, President Riquelme poses with General Romarico at the gangplank, for the sake of the photographers and posterity, the whistle blows and the *Estrella* shoves off for glory.

When I got back to the club I found a message from Kelsey, who was the American minister then. He wanted to see me right away, so I went up to his house.

"Mr. Brand," he says, "there's an American named Reddick who has a plantation in those parts. He is down there with his daughter and if there's going to be any war I'm going to see they get protection."

"That's fine!" I says. "But what are you going to do about it?"

I thought he was full of hot air and wet hay, but not a chance! He flashed back at me with a de-coded radio message that a destroyer was ordered to report to him at once. Pending orders from the State Department the destroyer would stand by, under Kelsey's instructions, to relieve and give refuge to all Americans in the region of hostilities. She was due to arrive in the harbor at ten that night.

"And now, Mr. Brand," says he, "I must ask you to come forward as an American and put yourself at the service of your country. You know more about such a situation as this than any man in the country and I want you to go aboard that destroyer as my personal representative."

"Why, sure! I'll go!" I told him, though I wasn't so danged enthusiastic about it. After all, I've got at least a dollar an' five cents invested in this country and I don't want to get mixed up in anybody's politics. But I'm danged if I wanted to see those Indians get licked! Besides, there was this man Reddick and his daughter.

A destroyer, in case you've never met one socially, is nothing but a big engine fitted snugly into a tin can and the men aboard her have to make themselves comfortable just wherever the engine doesn't happen to be. But she can click off knots—thirty-six of 'em.

Jerry—Lieutenant Commander Thorn, who was skipper of this flying fish—had an easy chair put out on the bridge for me and lashed down so's I wouldn't go skating overboard. And he had one of those Filipino acrobats they use as mess-boys bring me a cup of coffee.

Jerry and I hit it off right away. He was a nice young fellow—good-looking, popular with his men and hard-boiled where his job was concerned.

Finally I dropped off to sleep and Jerry woke me just after dawn. "There's your army," he says. I looked at the bedraggled mess of humanity aboard the old steam packet, awalloping along in the waves, and I felt right sorry for them. I wasn't any too chipper myself. We passed the army as though it was headed the other way and pretty soon we swung in behind the first island, where the *intendente's* headquarters used to be. There wasn't a house standing.

We couldn't see a soul; not a trace of life even through binoculars.

I'd been wondering what kind of a reception we were going to get. When the minister wished this job on me I decided that the first thing to do was to see President Riquelme, so that he wouldn't think I was trying to slip anything over on him. Instead of getting suspicious and asking why the United States was butting in, Riquelme did just the opposite; he decided that the sight of a warship would scare the Indians right out of their pants.

We waited a couple of minutes but we couldn't see anyone. "Looks like they've taken to the mainland," I said. "They'll be watching us from there. Let's run up a flag and see what happens."

I felt pretty sure they would be glad to see me, but I didn't want to try going ashore and catching a few loads of buckshot before they recognized the corpse. So we broke out the flag.

Well, sir, there was silence for a moment and then that island just boiled over with people, shouting, dancing and waving things. Then about fifty dugouts—*cayucas*—hit the water and came sprinting out toward us.

"Say, do you see what I see?" asks Jerry with his binoculars up to his eyes. "Right down there on the water-front near the biggest house. Getting into a boat. That's no Indian!"

I got busy with my binoculars. It was a girl all dressed in white—white breeches and white blouse open at the neck.

"I guess it must be Miss Reddick," I says.

Jerry keeps on looking, screwing the glasses up to get a better eyeful. Pretty soon he says: "Well—God-love-us-and-save-us-said-old-lady-Davis—if she isn't easy to look at!"

The first Indian to the destroyer recognized me, then there was more whooping as my name was passed back. In a minute or so the girl in a dugout with Old Tom—he was the best English interpreter on the islands—was alongside. You bet your life she was pretty! About twenty-three and fresh as a daisy!

She looks up and smiles and asks if she can come aboard. "You certainly can!" answers Jerry. He went down from



"Now go away," Elmer told the boy, "an' don't come back until I yell. When I yell bring some more ice!"

the bridge, with me following him, to help her up the ladder.

"Thank heavens you've come, Mr. Brand!" she said. "The chief has been wondering how he could get a message to you." Then, without waiting to be introduced, she shook hands with Jerry and said that she was Sara Reddick.

"I guessed as much," said Jerry beaming all over her. "We were sent down to see about you, just to see that you weren't in any danger."

"I'll tell you all about it," says Sara. "We've had a frightful time down here! It's been a nightmare!"

I yelled to Old Tom to tell the chief I'd come ashore pretty soon, and then we went up on the bridge.

In the first place, she said, her father was sick with malaria and the supply of quinine was running low. Could we give her some? Then she told us how the scrap started. A drunken policeman tried to start something with one of the Indian girls. Her father objected, so the policeman clubbed him with his rifle; another Indian jumped in and let the policeman have a load of buckshot square in the face.

There was a battle royal that spread over the three upper islands and by the time it was fin-

ished five policemen and eleven Indians were dead. Two policemen were prisoners and the rest escaped. The next day the Indians sacked and burned the *intendente's* house, and since then they'd been waiting to see what happened next.

"I thought you might arrest me," she wound up by saying, "because I've been helping the Indians. I encouraged them to fight. What's the government going to do?"

"The army's on its way," I told her. "They'll be landing on the upper island in a few minutes. They left home with the idea of shooting every Indian in sight."

"Well, I'm thankful that the United States government is on the job with a destroyer!" says Sara. She looked down at the guns on deck. "They won't go very far against those."

"The trouble is," says Jerry, looking mighty solemn, "that I haven't authority to take sides in this fight. I'm down here to protect Americans and American property, and I can't do anything more than that unless I get orders to intervene."

Sara flushed red and stared at him, as mad as if he'd insulted her.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you'd sit here like a bump on a log and let those



terrible Spigs shoot my perfectly nice, friendly Indians?"

"Unless I have orders."

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself!"

I tried to tell her that the American Navy couldn't go to war every time the skipper of a ship had a mind to; but, womanlike, that didn't mean anything to her.

"You know what will happen," she said: "the Indians will be massacred! They're determined to fight and they haven't anything to fight with."

"Are you the general of the Indian forces?" asks Jerry.

"Some white person has to advise them," says Sara. "They don't know anything about this kind of warfare. They don't want war! All they want is to be left to live in peace on the islands where their ancestors lived. If it hadn't been for these Indians Father and I would never have been able to do anything with the plantation! And I owe it to them to help them!"

Oh, Sara made a good advocate for the Indians! She ended up by saying, "I'm mighty glad that you're here, Mr. Brand. You can take charge and show them how to fight."

"Now look here, Miss Reddick," I says, "I'm for the Indians but I'm not leading any revolutions these days."

I haven't very often had a woman look at me with so much contempt as she did.

She said to Jerry: "Will you lend me some rifles and ammunition? Or I'll pay for them. There are women and children on those islands who'll be slaughtered if you don't!"

"My dear girl—" began Jerry.

She snaps back, "Don't my-dear-girl me!"

"Sorry, General," says Jerry, "but the United States Navy isn't in the gun-running business."

She looked from one to the other of us.

"What men!" she says. "What men!" With that she showed us her back and down the stairs from the bridge she went. Old Tom's boat was standing by to take her ashore.

"Little spit-fire, isn't she?" said Jerry grinning at me. "Sure is!" I agreed.

Jerry waited until she was just ready to get in the boat, then he called down from the bridge: "Oh, Miss Reddick, you've forgotten the quinine. If you'll wait just a moment."

It was right embarrassing for her to have to accept a favor from him after she'd told him what she thought of him. She blushed and Jerry gave me a funny look, sort of squinting his eyes. Pretty soon his messenger came up with a box of quinine. Sara thanked the messenger for it and got in the boat without so much as a glance toward the bridge.

"If I didn't think it'd make her mad I'd give her a seventeen gun salute," says Jerry. "She rates it!"

"You'd better go ashore, Brand," says Jerry, "and see what the situation is. We'll fix up a report, code it and send it by radio to Kelsey."

When I got ashore Sara came to meet me. "You haven't changed your mind, have you?" she asked brightening hopefully.

"Can't be done, Miss Reddick."

I told her. "I'll do everything I properly can. First let's get Old Tom and the chief and have a pow-wow."

"There's going to be a big pow-wow in a few minutes. What are you going to advise them to do?"

I told her I thought they'd better abandon their islands and go to the mainland. Then Romarico could make a bold attack against at least one island, capture it in a valiant rush against overwhelming odds, burn the houses. After that the army could go back home victorious and the Indians could rebuild their houses, while I and some others used our influence with Riquelme to make him keep his policemen at home.

"They've got it in their heads that you're the one person who can save them," she told me, "and that you've come here to do it."

Old Tom took us to the chief, who

was in the big meeting house, and we shook hands all around. The chief had aged a lot since I last saw him. He was just a tired old man and worried sick for fear his people were going to be destroyed. The big room was crowded with people. The pow-wow lasted until noon and then we were right back where we started from. Sara was sitting beside me and when Old Tom wasn't interpreting we talked together. Of course we knew that Jerry was watching Romarico and that he would send us word if anything started to happen.

Finally when it came my turn to talk I told them that the destroyer couldn't do anything for them unless the Big President in Washington ordered it. And then the chief said that all I had to do was to tell the Big President how his people had been treated. It was pitiful—the confidence those people had in us.

I asked the chief if he would be willing to abandon the first island and let Romarico attack it. The chief shook his head and everyone began to talk at once.

They refused to leave the island. Then I advised them to send the women, children and old folks to the mainland if they were determined to fight it out. The men seemed to

favor that idea, but then an old squaw—she must have been a hundred—gave a ten-minute harangue and put her foot down on that.

It was getting terrible hot in the meeting house and we weren't getting anywhere, so I said I had to go back to the destroyer. Sara walked down to where the boat was standing by to take me out and I asked her to come have lunch with us, but she said she thought she'd better stay with the Indians. She'd talk with the old squaw and get her to change her mind.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a whole fleet of *cayucas* started from the island to the mainland, and Old Tom put off for the destroyer with Sara aboard. She came up from the ladder smiling.

"Well," she says, "I finally persuaded them to send the women and children away."

Then one of the gobs came down from the bridge to tell Jerry that a rowboat had put off from the *intendente's* island, where the army had landed.

"I'd better go back to the island," says Sara. "Maybe Romarico's going to start something."

"You'd better stay right here," Jerry told her. He had a gruff way of speaking sometimes.

"Does that mean you're going to hold me here?"

"Not in the least."

"Then I'm going," says Sara.

"That's right," answers Jerry. "Spend all day arguing with them to send the women to the mainland and then give 'em the bad example of going back yourself. Do you suppose those Indian women are going to let a white girl show them up that way?"

That stumped her and she stood there undecided.

"Anyhow, Brand," says Jerry, "I don't see the sense of us staying around here. Miss Reddick doesn't seem to need protection. We might just as well send a radio and get recalled." He gave me the wink.

"Might just as well," I agreed.

Both of us got busy watching Romarico, just to give Sara time to think it over.

"Please don't go," she said finally.

"What's the sense of staying here being bawled out by you when we're only here to help you?" asks Jerry. "God-love-us-and-save-us-said-old-lady-Davis, I can think of better things to do than stay here, stewing in this forsaken place. What good are we doing here?"

Sara got right down off her high horse. "Lots of good—really!" she says. "It's what the Spanish call *fanfarronada*—plain bluff. I'm sure that Romarico won't dare attack while you're here. Please don't go!"

"I'll think it over," growls Jerry. *Fanfarronada!* That was what all of us were counting on.

Maybe it sounds pretty comical,



(Sara flushed red and stared at Jerry. "Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you'd sit here and let those Spigs shoot my nice friendly Indians?"

while we sit here on the porch cooling ourselves, but it wasn't so dang comical down there at the islands. We didn't know when the whole thing was going to turn into tragedy, with a couple o' hundred rifles plugging bullets at the Indians.

In the meantime all we could do was sit there and bluff, holding a pair of deuces against a full house, hoping that Romarico wouldn't call.

We watched Romarico through our glasses. He was taking a lot of care to keep the destroyer between him and the island and it was easy to see that he wasn't out looking for a fight.

"He's coming aboard, I think," said Jerry and he told his messenger to rout out the crew that manned the popgun and give his nibs a proper salute. "Might as well kid him along and make him think he's a real general," Jerry explained.

When the first gun went off Romarico jumped like he was ambushed; then he realized what it was and got all swelled up. He looked fierce for the benefit of the gobs, and Jerry brought him up to the bridge where Sara and I were fanning hot air in our faces and drinking ice tea. Romarico, by the way, couldn't speak a word of English and so I was interpreter.

Well, sir, when Romarico saw Sara I thought he was going to bite her. "I order the arrest of that

woman," says he, pointing at her, "on the charge of inciting an insurrection!"

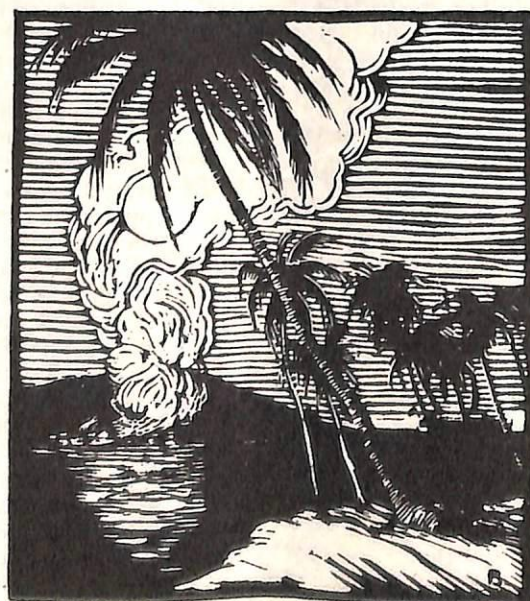
Sara understood Spanish and she looked at Jerry, wondering what he was going to do.

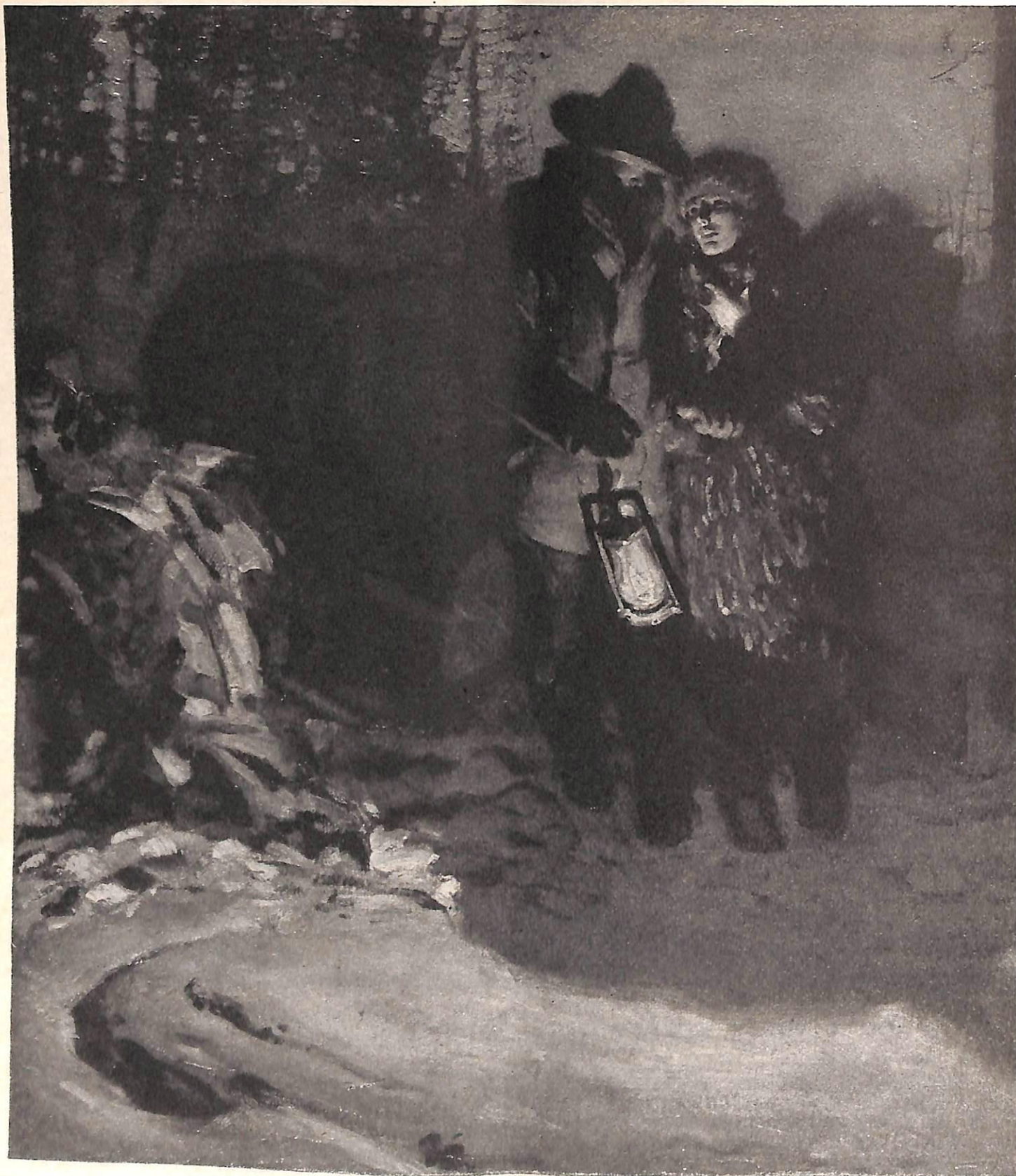
"Tell him," he says to me, "that he'll trip over his sword and fall on his face if he isn't careful. I'm the one who gives orders on this vessel."

I put the gist of that into diplomatic Spanish and I thought Romarico was going to bust wide open from internal pressure. Then he got mad and lost his temper: he shook both fists at Sara and told her if he caught her off the destroyer he'd give her what was coming to her.

"Tell the jackass," says Jerry, "that I have taken official notice of his threat against an American citizen and that it will be brought to the attention of President Riquelme immediately. I'll throw a scare into this baby."

Jerry sung out for his yeoman to take a radio message and the yeoman came, looking mighty important, with pencil and paper. Jerry, without batting an eye, boomed out at the yeoman as though he was dictating the Declaration of Independence: "Take a message to the American minister, but don't send it! And don't [Continued on page 56]





As A Man EATS

By Zack Cartwright

Illustrations by Harold Von Schmidt

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In which a Sea-goin' serves up some hum-

THE early winter darkness had already set in when the two sleighs reached Mr. Ross' stopping-house and Joe Hatch went forth, lantern in hand, to meet them. Not that it was a recognized part of stopping-house practise along the Edson Trail for benumbed and aching wayfarers to be officially welcomed on arrival, the proprietors of these places generally being too busy to do so.

It is probable, however, that Joe would have been on the receiving line even if his duties had lain elsewhere. For a considerable number of persons on the Grand Prairie had



Cook proves his mettle and ble pie to the Boasting Kid

Joe mastered a desire to throw the light in her face for a good look. As it was he got the impression of all manner of eyes and features as she leaned against him.

heard of Joe Hatch or got to know him when passing out on their winter pilgrimages to Edson after grub. And while it was, beyond any doubt, a rich and fertile region whence these homesteaders came, it never, in its most abundant years, yielded a sufficient quantity of gossip and rumor to supply the needs of its inhabitants.

Hence, as was often the case, when citizens had met along the trails and exhausted the current stock of conjectures concerning the possibility of a railroad's building into the country, they turned quite eagerly to the latest, if any, news of the

bright young buck who worked for Alexander Ross. With some, Joe's reputation rested on the fact of his having crossed Big Smoky by hand, as it were, when that mighty river was at flood. Others knew of him as the conqueror of Athabasca Red, and by a few, the intellectuals of the lot, he was acclaimed as the master mind who skinned Alexander Ross out of fifteen good dollars, haw-haw, and never gave old Alec a pleasant look in return for it.

In such wise came Joe Hatch by his reputation. It was a good deal of a bore to him, but he remained uncommonly

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good-natured about it, recognizing the artist's debt to his public.

Joe approached the first sleigh and called a greeting to the driver, but that person was preoccupied with untangling a trace-chain and his response was a noncommittal grunt. It conveyed that he saw and heard Joe Hatch and might take the matter up later. Probably a stranger, Joe thought, coming in for the first time. He passed on to the second sleigh drawn up beyond. Here the driver had not dismounted but sat, a vague bundle of wrappings and coverlets, on the front of the load.

"Why, it's a lady!" Joe exclaimed.

"Thank you!" returned the bundle. "It's a pleasure to have you say so. Some people have been forgetting it lately! Do we stop here tonight?"

"This is the place," he told her. "Here, lemme help you down. Must be kinda cold ridin'!"

The lady assured him that she was completely frozen. The hand she put out for his assistance was unexpectedly bare and, as Joe found by flipping off his own mitten, quite soft and warm. She could stand, she found, after clinging to his arm a moment and experimenting.

"You are very kind," she told him, and continued to lean against him the least bit as she did so. Joe blurted out, "Why, shucks—" and mastered a desire to throw the light in her face for a good look. As it was, he got the impression of all manner of eyes and features turned on him from out of a deep coat collar. He had only recovered from this and begun to think practical thoughts, like what if this was a new settler going into the Prairie and taking his daughter with him and she hadn't hardly expected to meet any what you could call gentlemen out there, when they were interrupted.

"Hey, Liz! Come here and hold these, if you ain't going to unhitch! Horses'll catch things if they stan' around all hot in the cold." The driver of the other sleigh had appeared with his own team in tow. The woman made a small sound of annoyance and Joe Hatch rushed into the breach.

"Lemme unhitch 'em! She can go right in to the fire. It's just beyond that winda that's lit."

The woman murmured another set of thanks, and started to go. The man spoke up, asking why in Pete's sakes she didn't take a roll of bedding with her. "An' try to grab a bunk nearer the fire this time. I like to froze in that corner last night!" With scarcely more than a long-suffering sigh, the woman turned back to the sleigh again. Joe Hatch had another thought and called out, "Look here, now! I just been thinkin'." He turned from one to the other of them and so took both into his confidence. "I got a outside cabin! Least Mr. Ross, the man that runs this here, an' I'm with him, has." This sounded complicated even to Joe. "My name's Hatch!" he explained.

The man said, was it? And anyway it wouldn't do any good to pneumonia the horses by standing there and talking

about it. He was sick of hearing an oggment over every last thing; if the bunk-house was already full, and there was an outside cabin, with a fire in it, why they could figure on that. But later. The woman mutely conveyed her gratitude to Joe Hatch as he fell to releasing the frost-encrusted team from the sleigh.

"What I can't see," Joe admitted later to the cook, "is how a real lady comes to be tied up to a knot-head like him. Their name's Pearson an' he's been sawin' ties an' bridge-timber for the railroads, only the Gran' Trunk's got over the hump now an' he quit. He's got a movable sawmill on his sleds. Goin' to set it in that patch of green timber below th' trail on th' other side. Couldn't you tell he was measly, just from lookin' at him? I could. Be more civilized though to have a woman livin' neighbors to us, won't it? She seems to kinda notice things, too!"

The dining-room was large and at the moment expensively lighted by two kerosene lamps. Around these lamps the guests of the evening were assembled at common table. The kitchen was half-lit and murky with the fumes of overheated fats. It was from this gloom that Joe Hatch and the cook looked out at the diners and compared impressions of the Pearsons, husband and wife.

"No, 'e don't look so measly to me," objected the cook. "E's ser'us, yes! But 'e ain't wot I'd call proper knot-'eaded. Not the way 'e eats! I always s'y if a man'll eat—Maybe it's 'er doin' 'at 'e wears is face solemn the way 'e do. It bears on a man terrible, Joe, to be married to some wimmen. Specially one wiv pop eyes an' no neck much, like that. She ain't et more'n 'alf 'er stew, either! An' nibbles 'er slice of bread like it 'ad got mold on it or somethink. Maybe she's an old un, though, wiv chiny teef, an' she's afeard of chippin' 'em."

She might be a lady, the cook admitted, but there was no good saying so till she had proved it. Chances were it would turn out bad luck all around for a woman to be living practically alongside them. Worse than having one aboard, that was.

Joe felt certain the cook was mostly wrong about both the Pearsons. Maybe she wasn't quite so young as her voice had sounded, but still that didn't go to say she had boughten teeth. Nor pop eyes either! Her eyes were full and bright and her neck was every bit as big as a slim person's neck ought to be. What could the cook know when he hadn't heard her speak or taken her hand to help her off the sleigh? And if her man wasn't a measly knot-head after the way he talked to her then he, Joe Hatch, couldn't tell one.

Joe was pleased when, later in the evening, he overheard further evidence to confirm his opinion of the couple. They took the outside cabin, and Joe performed in his capacity of bell-hop by conducting them to it. The woman had been outspoken in her gratitude for his thoughtfulness in suggesting the cabin. She wished Joe a very personal "Goodnight! See you in the morning!" as he was leaving. The husband was already seated on the bed, untying his moccasins.

When half way to the kitchen, Joe remembered that he might have told them to apply to the cook for hot water in the morning. He turned back to add this further hospitable touch and had nearly reached their door when he halted.

"No, I won't!" the husband was saying. "Be a fat lot of sense in my lettin' you stay here at a big expense when I can put up a cabin right on the site in three four days! Somebody'd ought to be there to see the stuff ain't all swiped while I go back after the boiler. Certainly won't hurt you to do it!"

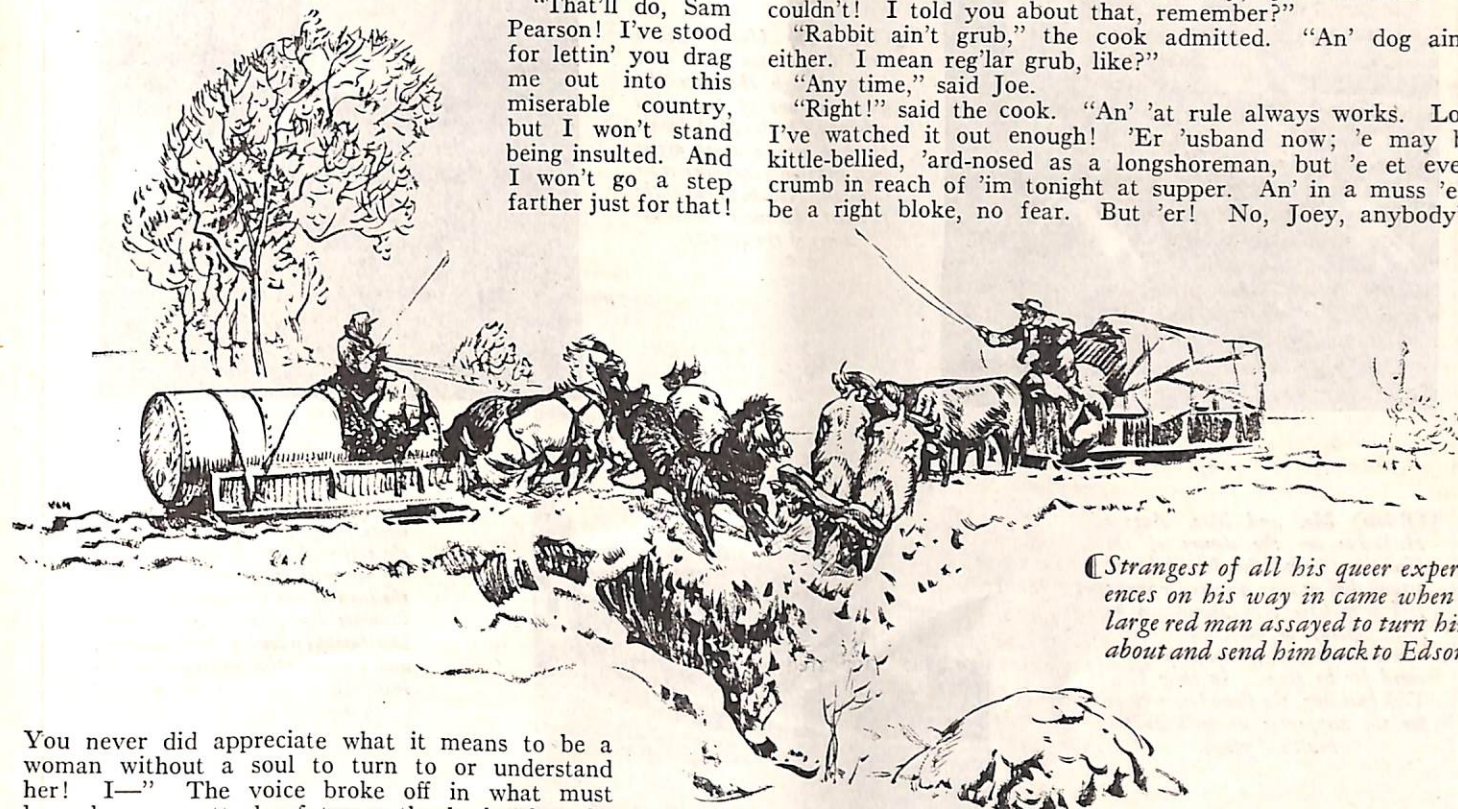
"Yes," she rejoined, "and it won't hurt you to leave the old junk here, either. So I can live in this place with some protection around me while you're gone! I suppose the little money means more to you than havin' your wife left out in this wilderness all

alone? And the country full of who knows what kind of men!"

The husband's response struck Joe as being in particularly low taste.

"Good gosh!" he jeered. "Who do you think ud want to steal you? Guess they'd turn you loose when mornin' come an' they got a good look—"

"That'll do, Sam Pearson! I've stood for lettin' you drag me out into this miserable country, but I won't stand being insulted. And I won't go a step farther just for that!"



(Strangest of all his queer experiences on his way in came when a large red man assayed to turn him about and send him back to Edson.

You never did appreciate what it means to be a woman without a soul to turn to or understand her! I—" The voice broke off in what must have been an attack of tears; the husband spoke presently, saying "For gosh sakes, don't turn the sprinkler on this time of night; I got to have my sleep. An' you won't get your way about it either!"

Joe decided against presenting himself at the cabin in view of the circumstances. He returned to the kitchen and related the occurrence to the cook.

"The way I figger," he explained to the cook, "is like this. You been a sailor so long an' been cookin' in camps an' the like, till you wouldn't hardly expect to understand women right off. It ain't the kind of a life that would learn a man along them lines, now is it?" The cook had been stirring oatmeal into a rotund pot; he left off and came toward Joe, dusting the flakes from his hands. "Not th' kind of a life f'r learnin' a man abaht wimmin?" His voice was strained with incredulity. "W'y Gawd lumme, Joe; there ain't nothink c'n wisen a man up abaht 'em like goin' to sea! Not nothink! I 'adn't made me 'awf dozen cruises till I could 'a' told you— But 'ere, it ain't f'r mytes to go jawin' an' braggin' each other down. Right's right, no matter 'oo! I saved somethink purpose to show you."

From the drain-board of his sink the cook brought a single plate and submitted it for Joe's inspection. "Tan't only she didn't eat 'er stew an' potatoes an' turnips, ner drunk 'awf 'er cup of tea; lookit this!"

This, was lying on the plate; the mangled fragments of a piece of raisin pie. Its appearance declared that irreverent hands had dealt with it; the brittle and delicately stratified upper crust had been torn back, the succulent contents eviscerated and strewn wantonly about the plate. Quite possibly a little had been eaten, but there could be no doubt that this piece of pie had been the victim of the most malicious vandalism.

"You 'ad a piece of 'at pie f'r supper, didn't you?" the cook demanded.

"Two pieces!" testified Joe.

"Well, were it fitten to eat, or not?"

"Been any better, I couldn't 'a' told it!"

"There ya are!" the cook burst out. "An' you wonders 'ow I knows she's a 'ussy, an' worse! Yeh, worse; she's finicky! Gah!"

The cook was at some pains to make his position clear.

"Tyke you an' me, now," he elaborated; "We're mytes an' all ain't we?"

"Certainly are!" Joe declared.

"Right! An' w'y? 'Cause th' minit I see you start to eat I says, there's a lad as is a lad! An' I didn't guess wrong, Joe. You'd eat the same, no matter, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't eat rabbit for nobody," Joe corrected. "I couldn't! I told you about that, remember?"

"Rabbit ain't grub," the cook admitted. "An' dog ain't either. I mean reg'lar grub, like?"

"Any time," said Joe.

"Right!" said the cook. "An' 'at rule always works. Lor' I've watched it out enough! 'Er 'usband now; 'e may be kittle-bellied, 'ard-nosed as a longshoreman, but 'e et ever' crumb in reach of 'im tonight at supper. An' in a muss 'e'd be a right bloke, no fear. But 'er! No, Joe, anybody'll

garbage up 'er pie like 'at, neighbors or wot is a 'ussy! You steer wide of 'em!"

From all of which, it must appear that, had he cared to avail himself of the cook's vast experience in such matters, Joe Hatch was fully warned of the perils attached to even a permissible interest in the wife of Samuel Pearson. But Joe was singularly infatuated with his own ideas of what constituted a sympathetic and gentlemanly attitude.

Of the woman's part in the subsequent disaster there is little to be said. That she designed only to use the amenable young Mr. Hatch as a grindstone wherewith to whet the edge of her husband's appreciation and esteem, was at least a reason if not a good excuse.

Elizabeth Pearson won the first round by demonstrating her powers as a prophet. She did not go a step beyond Mr. Ross' detached cabin and her husband did leave his saw-milling junk there and return to Edson after the necessary boiler. To Mr. Ross, he explained next morning, that he felt it advisable to engage the cabin for his wife rather than lose the time in erecting one on his mill-site across the river. Snow wouldn't last forever and the boiler required snow for its transportation. He was very plausible about it but Joe Hatch, eaving in on the conversation, felt that it ought to learn the knot-head something about running over a lone woman.

Joe was also present at the couple's leave-taking, Pearson wrapping horse-blankets about himself on the sleigh and his wife and Joe in attendance on the ground.

"Well, Liz," he counseled her, "don't make a fool of yourself, if you can help it."

"Don't worry about me," she replied. "This gentleman won't let me suffer!"

"Sure I won't," quoth Mr. Hatch. "I'll look after things; drop in ever' day to see she's got plenty wood an' water."

"You'll hear if she ain't," predicted Mr. Pearson. "She never was tongue-tied, to speak of. Giddup!"

In such fashion is indicated the paths by which the affairs of Joe Hatch; the Pearsons, he and she; and lastly the cook, are to reach their predetermined climax. There remains but to note the rate of their progression toward it and that is easiest done by comparing them chronologically.

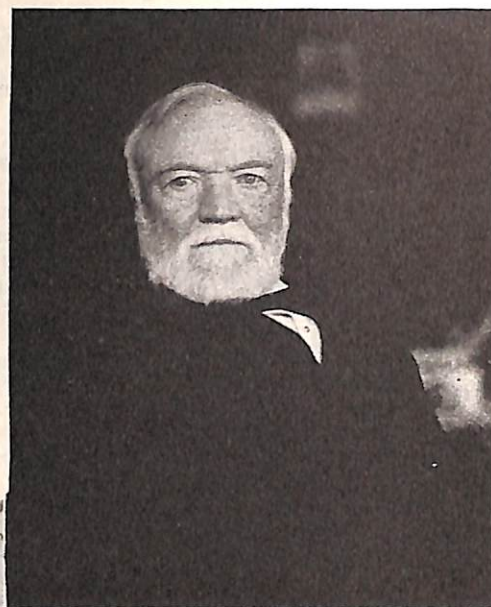
In seven days Sam Pearson had [Continued on page 60]



("Take it!" Pearson commanded Joe, referring to the note stuck in the gun. "An' if that paper means what it looks like I'm goin' to shoot you!")



(Left) The United States Steel Corporation came into being through the fiery eloquence of one of Carnegie's salesmen, Charles M. Schwab. He had been a stage driver once, and then a stake driver for Carnegie. Now he is one of the foremost business millionaires of the country.



(Left & Above) Andrew Carnegie wrote many books and articles on the responsibility of wealth. Giving libraries on a 50-50 basis was the least of his philanthropies. The Carnegie Endowment, the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, and various other endowments and institutions bear his name, wrought in iron and carved in stone.

(Below) Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher are the donors of the Heckscher Foundation for Children, established in 1901, to care for young folk who have been abandoned by their parents, or who, through economic misfortune, cannot be properly cared for by them. In their New York building, the Foundation cares for the happiness as well as the health of youth.



(Right) John D. Rockefeller and his son are associated with many beneficent enterprises. The General Educational Board, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (below) are outstanding benefactions. But checks for \$500,000 or \$5,000,000 are of common occurrence, signed by the Rockefellers; their aid goes to widely differing interests.



Photographs by Brown Bros.

The Millionaire's MILLIONS

OF A PARABLE IN GIVING

(The Concluding article in the HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Series which has shown Changes in our Ideas Governing Morals and Manners in City and Country ways

Arranged and Commented upon by MONTROSE J. MOSES

IN 1925, there were more than two hundred and six persons in the United States with a yearly net income of over a million dollars. Today that number has increased, and we have a billionaire amongst us. It is the age of the rich man, but not the same kind of rich man we used to have. Something new has happened. Extreme wealth has created another profession: that of millionaire. Responsibility of riches has formulated a new science: that of wise giving. The convention in the past about accumulated wealth has been to put all one's good deeds in a will, to satisfy some and disappoint the majority about bequests. People waited for the rich man to die. The satiric pictures one conjures in mind of the "reading of the will" are not agreeable, and there was a selfish concentration of all the benefits to be got within a small area of relatives and children. Inconceivable sums of money went the same old routine from generation to generation. But there is a different spirit in the air.

The rich man was known in early days, when this country was young. Records show that in 1676, the colony of Massachusetts could boast of thirty merchants worth from ten to twenty thousand pounds sterling. In the South they reckoned wealth in different fashion. A man might own ten thousand pounds sterling, but he had collateral in, let us say, three hundred thousand acres of land and a thousand slaves. And while these men were concerned, in the English fashion, with family inheritance, they were also on the lookout to benefit the future: they fought for the establishment of colleges, and Washington's will shows the setting aside of acres as gift for the establishment of a university. Jefferson made sacrifices for the public weal. So did Franklin. Public office meant sacrifice for the benefit of independent ideas which eventually separated this aggregate of colonies from the Mother Country. But when one compares the financial worries in the establishment of our universities in these early days with their "Foundations" today, this will indicate how our ideas of money have changed: Harvard with a Foundation of \$82,039,574, and by the bare stroke of a



(Mrs. Russell Sage gave \$15,000,000 to the Sage Foundation, established in 1907 for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The picture above shows what buildings can do for a community.

pen, Duke's University, through the profits of tobacco, coming into possession of \$40,000,000. Ways and means have changed; the country has grown and been exploited, and a myriad of avenues of commercial

activity been opened up until today the average person has become callous to the mere sound of great wealth. We talk in billions and cannot visualize what it means. We read the papers, year in and year out, and take for granted that Henry Clay Frick, on his death, left \$117,300,000 in gifts for public benefit; that, while Andrew Carnegie's estate was worth about \$30,000,000, his total philanthropic gifts amounted to about \$371,065,653; that Benjamin Altman left the New York Museum of Art a picture collection valued at \$15,000,000, that J. J. Hill—who helped shape the West—accumulated more than \$100,000,000.

Millionaires of this caliber find that the enormity of their possessions entails most intricate complications. The bare planning of a will that involves such sums is a process of acute scientific consideration. The upkeep of a bequest, the indication as to its future regulation, the assurance of its perpetuation, are matters always dwelt upon. For a dead man leaves the impress of his own human will behind him. I heard recently of a large gift made to a church corporation, which was theirs so long as the church remained Episcopal. Many a gift is left with such a handle to it. But today there is a shifting of attitude in every direction.

The millionaire was once a *rara avis*; now he is a commonplace. The millionaire was once the most hated of mortals; public wrath was drawn down upon him. But somehow, with the significance of the Rockefeller Institute before us, with the Sage Foundation reaching out in



(The Mayo Brothers—Charles Horace and William James—are America's foremost surgeons. They are pictured here as young men, with their father, the old doctor who proved to be the god in the machinery of their success. Through their combined efforts, they have not only created a hospital of world renown, but have donated nearly two millions of dollars for medical research.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S MILLIONS

humanitarian ways for the lightening of social and economic strain, with Funds and Foundations planting throughout the broad land institutions for the wiser instruction of future generations—the rich man has become a professional object, a man who is judged not so much by what he has as by what he will do with it.

The professional millionaire—the astute executive, the farseeing investor, the miraculous organizer—makes his pile, and then he can't help making more. He is caught in the machine of his own creation, and he sets about redeeming himself (if his millions have trodden over the rights of the public) by giving back to the public in beneficent distribution. He has created a business by his accumulation. He must either write himself down a fool or a selfish man or a citizen with full consciousness of his responsibilities. He must have about him a body of consultants who will guide him, advise him, save him from the millions of cranks who would take advantage of him and try to inveigle him into chimerical ventures.

If we examine American fortunes we will realize how new our millionaires are, how marvelous have been their abilities to see into the future, to sense increasing values. And that they have taken advantage of such foresight and hindsight is to their credit as merchants. Fortunes in America have no ancient lineage. In the gaining of this wealth the men did not scorn work: drygoods behind Altman and Hearn and Wanamaker; railroads behind the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans and the Hills; oil behind Rockefeller and Flagler; Steel behind Carnegie and Frick and Schwab; copper behind Senator Clark and the Guggenheims; real estate behind the Astors, with a little sprinkling of the fur trade. In the beginning their way was not easy. The millionaire merchant may have been a huckster, but he could rise to the position of endowing universities. It has been pointed out many times that the very peddling of kerosene was the starting of the vast oil industry; that the hated usurer of old was the incipient banker; that the little baker was the predecessor of the bread industry, that the "post boy" of the Revolution was the commencement of the Western Union and of the Post Office. The rag business could grow into the paper mill, the peddler who hung clocks front, aft and on both sides of his saddle, could grow into the Seth Thomas clock works of the Naugatuck Valley. The millionaire knew labor of the manual sort in his early days. But he possessed perspicacity; he measured the future, he counted on the growth of trade; he opened up territory; he was the pioneer of unfrequented sections, and he went along the road with his wagon loaded with goods to sell, in rain, sleet, hail or snow. That is the romance of American Industry.

The millionaire's hobby is as characteristic as the bird collector's or the stamp collector's. While the millionaire does not monopolize a field of giving, he is quickly identified with it by the concentration of his interest. Mention a library and Carnegie's name is inevitable. Mention international scholarships, and the name of Cecil Rhodes occurs to mind. Diamonds did it. Mention J. P. Morgan and his library, with its untold wealth of manuscripts, and the long galleries of medieval and renaissance material in the Metropolitan Art Museum come to mind. Huntington means the Huntington Library. But if one were to follow this giving, in all its variety, it would be seen that wealth means that the giver must have a certain catholic sympathy. Mr. Rockefeller, in this respect, is surprisingly varied. During 1927, his contributions went far afield: two millions for the Jerusalem archaeological museum; over a million and a half to the University of California; over a million and a half to France for the Rheims Cathedral; five hundred thousand for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and money galore for religious institutions of all denominations. Then, in the Rockefeller name, the Foundation has bestowed such generous bequests as nearly two million dollars to the University of London, over a million and a half to the University of Lyons, over a million and a half for the study of the hookworm disease, and an inconceivable list of insignificant five hundred thousand dollar gifts! Huntington, in Cali-

fornia, writes a check for two million and a Memorial Hospital is assured. Harriman, in days past, signed a document and the Bear Mountain Park became a State Gift. The Harknesses set their stamp upon Yale; George Baker by a mere gesture creates a School of Business at Harvard; the Guggenheims get behind aviation with their millions; and all the American Foundations (there is a fifty page booklet enumerating these institutions throughout the country) function in their many ways. The land is full of the business of wise giving. Each gift has its purpose, yet they all seem to agree in one fundamental idea—that these fortunes which go back to the people under wise guidance, are "for the welfare of mankind" in general. While you have the rich man with his local interest, there seems to be no national boundary to the giving of the American rich man. We are prone to say that the American dollar is our symbol; but the American dollar converted into humanitarianism, into faith in the future, seems to be the ultimate symbol of accumulated wealth.

It has often been said that this voluntary outpouring of wealth is the new religion of democracy. Endowment capitalizes idealism. Money buys for the future. It builds for the future. It plans for the future. Stand before the Harkness Memorial at Yale, which represents millions poured into a building, and here beauty and dedication concentrate with no thought of profit, except to the onlooking soul. In this respect history in the past cannot boast more.

When one, therefore, sums up the yearly donation of the millionaire, its total staggers the imagination. The small sum of seventy-five thousand dollars escapes attention. Yet these amounts are given generously. Cathedrals are being built on the donation plan, hospitals are springing above earth overnight through the power of saying it must be. Represent the social need and the gift is forthcoming.

And so one finds, besides the new profession of the millionaire, a further new business—the administration of Foundations for the public benefit. The giver must see all the possibilities of growth, for he is founding institutions which themselves are not to benefit except insofar as investments increase and thus more power be given for the extension of the work. Mrs. Sage wrote—and the considerations confronting her are typical of what the professional millionaire must in all cases weigh—in her simple deed of gift: "I have had some hesitation as to whether the Foundation should be permitted to make investments for social betterment, which themselves produce income, as for instance, small houses or tenements, in distinction from investments in securities intended only to produce income. I realize that investments for social betterment, even if producing some income, may not produce a percentage as large as that produced by bonds or like securities, and that the income of the Foundation might be therefore diminished by such investments. On the other hand, if I fail to give the Foundation powers in this respect it may be unable to initiate or establish important agencies or institutions."

There was a rich man, once upon a time, who uttered a famous remark that did his "class" a great deal of harm. Unfortunate the day when he said: "The public be damned." And there may still be men who become drunk with the power of the check-book. Those men are rarely the ones who give. I am not saying that the quality of sainthood goes hand in hand with the gold bag. Wealth may be accumulated by the most highhanded methods, but the power of giving softens the edges of whatever social injustices may have been at the basis of the accumulation.

The modern giver, therefore, has created a science of distribution. It is not a matter of giving "till it hurts"; it is not a problem of depriving his family, though the papers often say, in a kind of poverty stricken tone: "He leaves to his sons and daughters only \$50,000,000!" It is purely a consideration of sums of money which are fabulous when you give them away dollar by dollar, but which in print, have become commonplaces to us all.

(Right) The Guggenheim family, father and sons. They have established a fund to enable workers in all fields of knowledge and art to continue in their researches and experiments under "the freest possible conditions." The Guggenheims have also done much for aviation, enlisting the aid of Col. Lindbergh in the administration of an aviation fund.

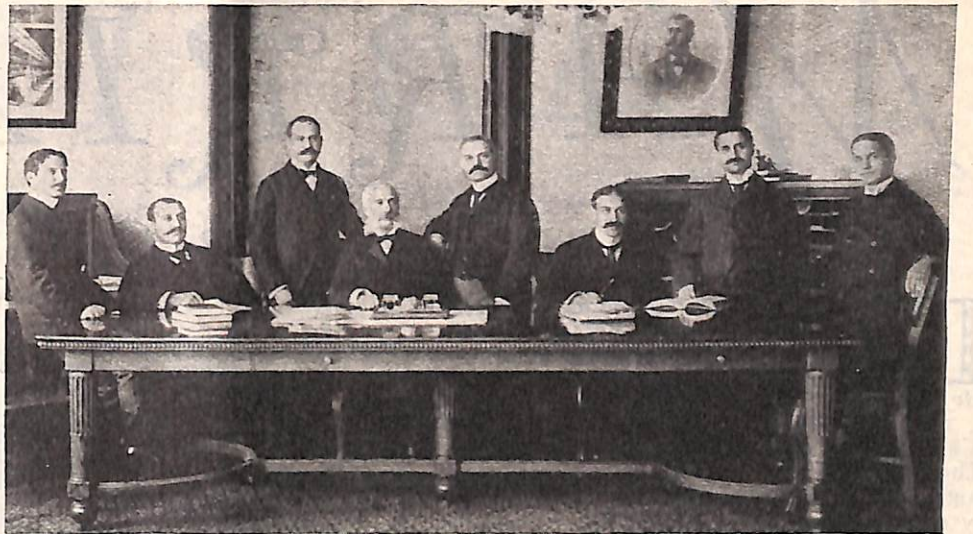


(Above) James B. Duke in 1924 placed \$40,000,000 in the hands of a Board of Trustees for educational and charitable purposes in North Carolina and South Carolina.

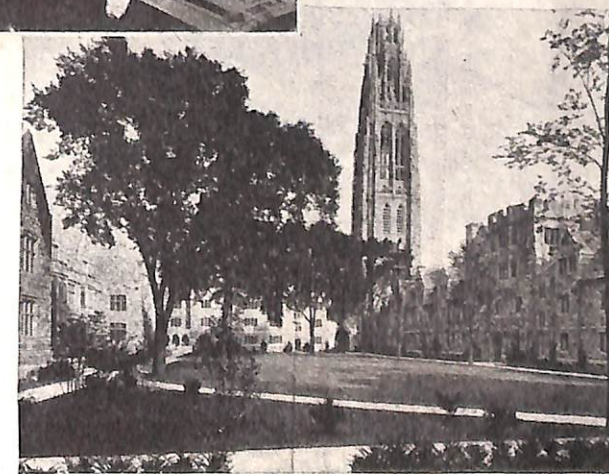
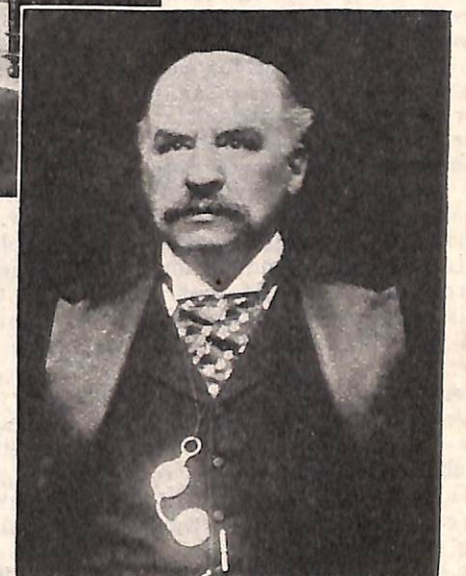


(Left) Henry Ford—our sole billionaire. He has put the nation on wheels at his own profit. And with his miles of factories, he has accumulated wealth. What will he do with it for the perpetual benefit of mankind?

(Right) Part of J. P. Morgan's millions went to his book collecting which he housed in a marble building in New York.



(Left & Below) J. Pierpont Morgan was a great purchaser of art curios. These he gave in part to the New York Museum of Art.



(Left) The Harkness Memorial Tower and dormitories at Yale were erected by the Harkness family, illustrating thereby that in America there is a new religion of architecture and of dedication. If there is no other way of saying it, "Say it with Stone."

MARRIAGE,

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

THROUGH all their walk along the broad, shady streets, Tyra did not speak. She kept her hand on Larry's arm and the power of her grasp did not lessen. He felt himself shaken by cold fury. This, he felt, was a pursuit by whatever had worried her in California.

They reached the big house and Tyra went straight to her room. Larry dropped into his easy chair, black with worry.

Suddenly he rose. He moved determinedly upstairs and rapped at Tyra's door.

She was standing by the window. She did not turn when he entered and he spoke with a directness which surprised him.

"I am sorry to intrude, Tyra—it is something I swore I would never do. When we came out of Framingham's a little while ago something happened. You were staring at a man—a strange man. He frightened you."

She nodded.

"In Habersham, Tyra, things are different. Whereas everybody in Hollywood either knows or suspects the true status between us—in this little town everyone is quite certain that you are actually my wife. I'm not asking for your confidence—but I am begging the right to act as your husband would act under these circumstances."

She bit her lip. Then she held out her hands to him and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I want to talk to you, Larry. I need a friend. A real friend. And I need him right now."

They sat very close together while she told her story. She told it simply and without embellishment, but she omitted no detail. At first he hungered to take her in his arms . . . then later his legal training asserted itself and he began to piece facts into a startling pattern.

"And that is all, Larry. You know everything now—and I am ver' glad, because alone I worry too much."

He was leaning forward tensely, his brow furrowed in thought.

"This man we saw on the Square today—was that Swayne?"

"Yes." She turned soft eyes upon him. "What are we going to do, Larry?"

He thrilled to her use of the plural pronoun.

"I don't know, Tyra. All I'm sure of is this: Here in Habersham you are my wife. As such you are not going to be molested. I shall see Swayne and warn him to keep away from you. Whatever business is to be transacted can be done through Aikman."

"What can Swayne do?" she asked.

"Plenty. If I let him. There is only one thing he doesn't know, Tyra—he doesn't know the South. We're not as hustling as the Far West, perhaps, but we have our queer code . . . and the first tenet in that code has to do with the protection of women."

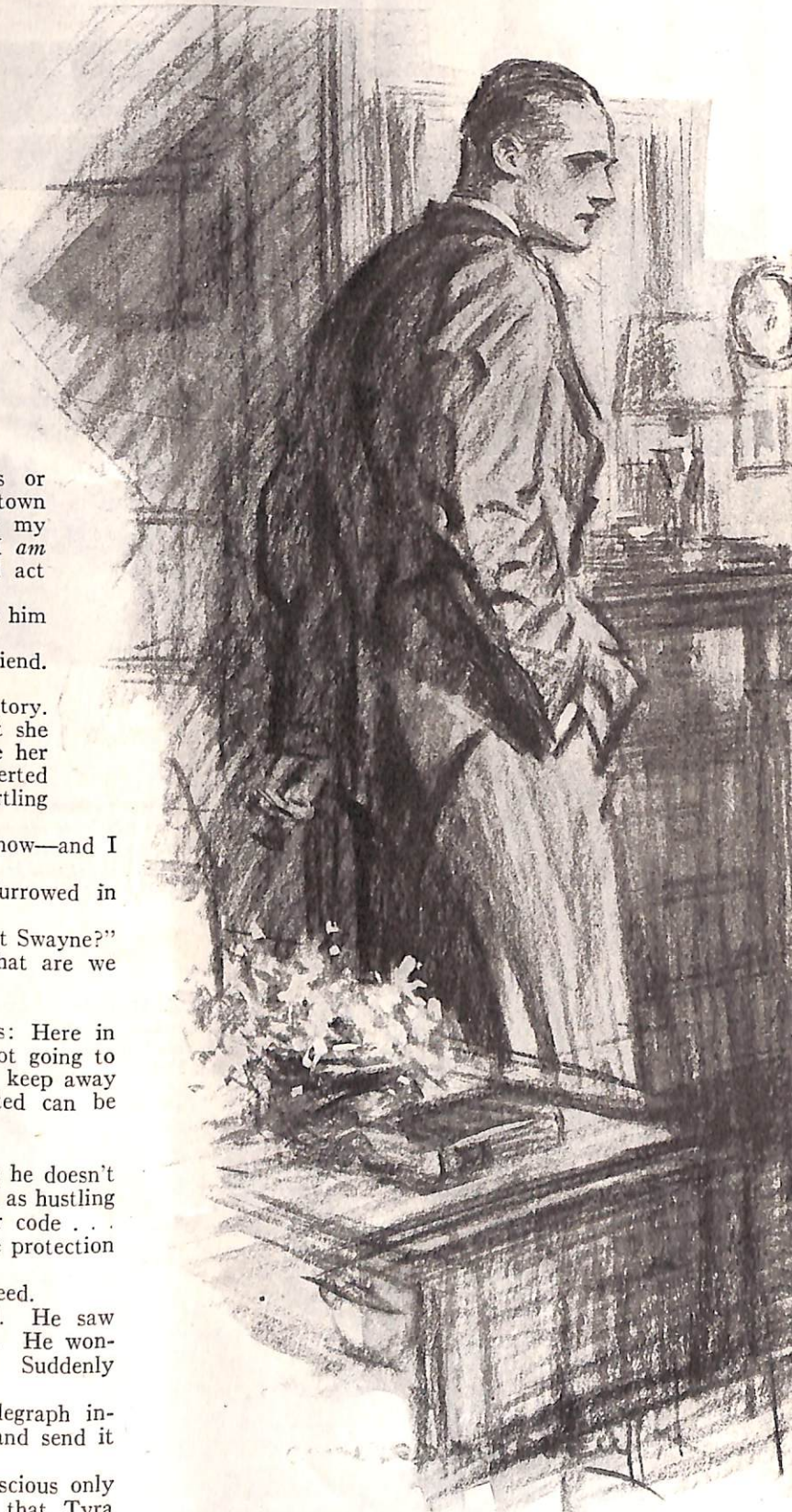
"He must be prepared for anything," she agreed.

He did not wish her to know that he agreed. He saw potentialities which he hoped to conceal from her. He wondered what Aikman would do in a like situation. Suddenly his face brightened and he looked up.

"We'll wire Aikman. He'll either come or telegraph instructions. I'll hike down to the telegraph office and send it immediately."

The situation was staggering, yet Larry was conscious only of a feeling of tremendous pride and happiness that Tyra should have trusted him.

After dinner they went to an informal dance at the Country Club. Larry offered to beg off for her, but Tyra refused. She hoped that it might make her forget.



"Larry," said Tyra, "what would you think of me if I let I think of you now, dear," he answered softly. "Somehow, always been just a beautiful,

LIMITED

In which the Law of a Friendly Town shows what it can do to Outwit Intriguers and settle Happiness on True Lovers

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Returning home shortly after midnight, they found a telegram under the front door. It was simple and direct.

Leaving tomorrow. Expect arrive Habersham Wednesday. Try to sit tight and not rock boat but if drastic action forced on you, use your best judgment. AIKMAN.

"You see," she smiled brightly, "he knows that you can handle things as well as he can."

"Surely," he grinned, "that's why he's dropping his whole practise to come here."

She put her hand on his arm. "It has made me feel so much better, Larry—to give you my troubles."

"I wish you had done it sooner."

"So do I. Yet it didn't seem fair to bring more trouble to you."

He passed into the sleeping porch and gently closed the door of her room. This nightly ceremony mocked him. Then he told himself he was a fool. But one thing he was grimly determined upon: When they should be ready to obtain their divorce; then he was going to tell her that he had married her because he loved her; that he had loved her through all the trying days of their year together . . . and that he always would love her.

They were downstairs early the following morning. He suggested tennis as an outlet for her mental strain, and she agreed. The negro servant appeared to call him:

"Telephone fo' you, Mistuh Larry."

Larry picked up the receiver. A soft, resonant voice came to him: "Mr. Wycoff junior?"

"Yes."

"This is Rufus Swayne, secretary of the Aragon Film Corporation. I am at the Marshall House, Mr. Wycoff. I would like to chat with you some time today at your convenience."

"Very well," answered Larry crisply, his eyes were blazing. "I'll be right over."

Tyra pressed his hand and wished him luck.

Every nerve in his body was tingling, every muscle drawn taut, at this first chance to play the part of man and protector in Tyra's life.

He turned in at the Marshall House. The clerk smiled a greeting and notified him that Mr. Swayne had a suite on the third floor. He went up in the elevator and knocked on the door. It was opened by the man whom Larry had seen on the Square the previous afternoon.

"Mr. Wycoff?" inquired Swayne, closing the door.

"Yes."

"This is Rufus Swayne." A big hand was extended. Larry ignored it and the pink veins in Swayne's face grew a shade darker.

Larry's eyes quested about the room. He saw two other men: one a short, slender, waxy mustached individual with black hair and eyes, whom he knew instinctively was the man who called himself Furth Hansen. The other was of medium height, and stocky, with rather insolent gray eyes.

"Mr. Wycoff," announced Swayne, "this is Mr. Hansen—and this is Mr. Pritchard. Mr. Pritchard is a member of our legal staff and Mr. Hansen—"

Larry nodded bleakly to Pritchard. Hansen he did not notice. The young man faced Swayne.

"Suppose we dispense with formalities," he suggested crisply, "and get down to business."

"Good." Swayne's eyes flickered with approval. "Will you be seated?"



them do what they threaten?" Larry bit his lip. "Just what I've never regarded you as a great public figure. To me you've maddeningly desirable woman."

"I judge," started Swayne, "that Mrs. Wycoff has explained the situation."

"Yes."

"Good. Now then, Mr. Wycoff, before beginning, I want to ask permission to speak frankly. It is the only way we can get anywhere."

"I shall keep myself under control," Larry answered him.

"It is a trifle difficult to start, Mr. Wycoff. What I am about to say concerns your domestic life . . . You understand just what Miss Karlson means to Aragon. To be quite honest, Mr. Wycoff—Tyra represents the greatest money-making chance Aragon has ever had. We know that New Art has made a tentative offer to Mrs. Wycoff. Naturally, we resent that and will go to any lengths to prevent it."

"You've already done that, haven't you?"

"Not yet," answered Swayne soberly. "Mr. Wycoff, without probing into your domestic relations, let us assume that your marriage was strictly one of expediency. If that is the case, we can assume that there is nothing of sentiment between you two. Also, and without meaning to insult you—we must ask whether you have a price?"

Larry closed his eyes, then opened them slowly. He was dead white with anger. Swayne spread his hands deprecatingly.

"I trust you will accept my apology. But in case it should happen that you are willing to negotiate with us, Mr. Wycoff, let me say that the moment you deliver to us Tyra's executed contract, we will give you one hundred thousand dollars. And now we come to the second possibility."

"We are offering Tyra one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year for five years. The situation has narrowed down to this: Either Tyra signs with us on that basis or she will not sign with any American film concern!"

The ultimatum snapped out and Swayne ceased speaking with impressive abruptness. Larry weighed his words—

"Do you realize that you can be put in the penitentiary for what you are attempting?"

"No. I assure you that I have taken every precaution to protect the officials of my company from personal embarrassment."

Larry was doing some fast thinking. He recalled what Tyra had told him about Conrad Aikman's opinion—that it might become necessary to accept in good grace the Aragon offer as being very much the lesser of two great evils.

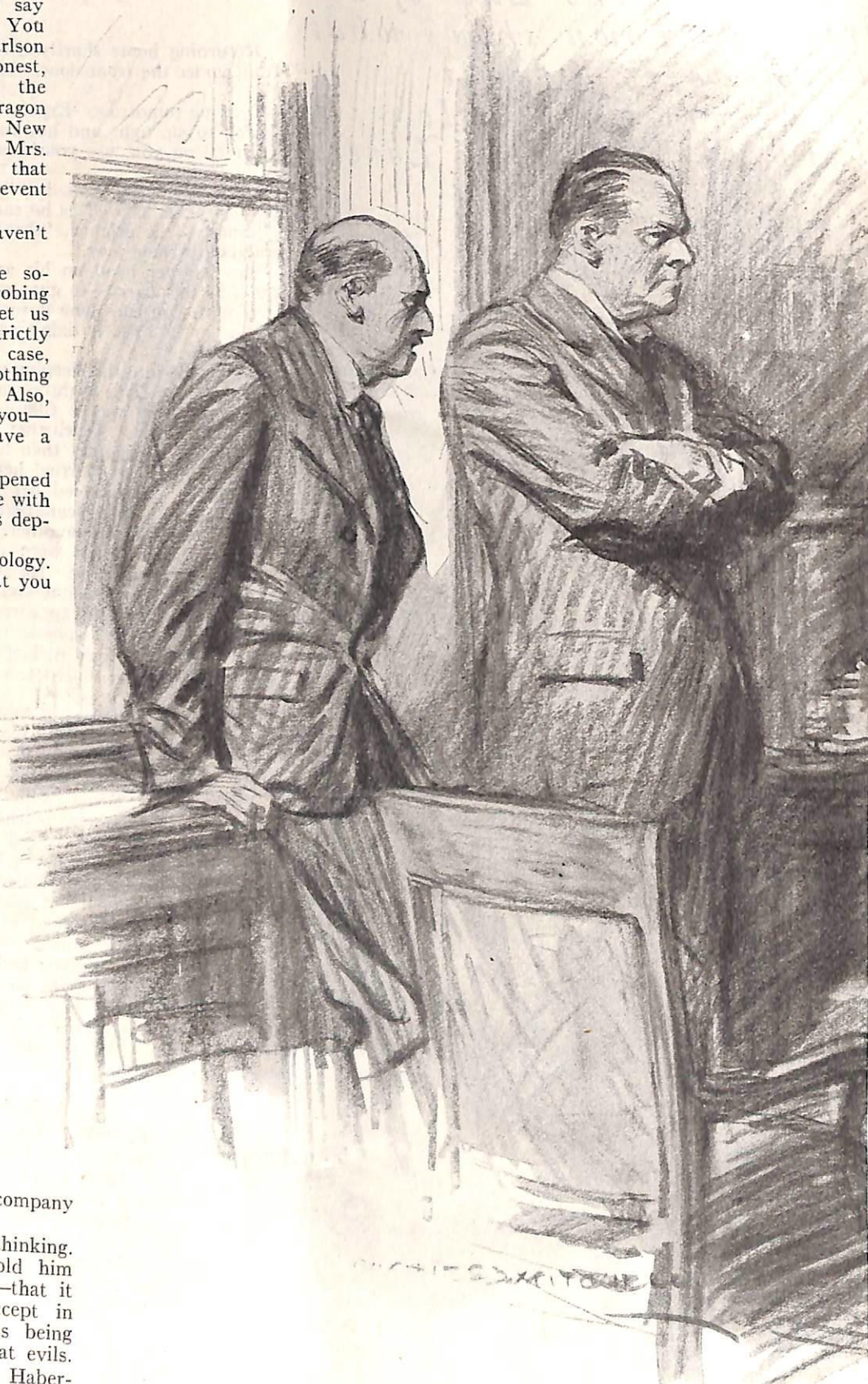
"I suppose you trailed her to Habersham because you preferred not to negotiate with Aikman?"

"That is one of the reasons, Mr. Wycoff. But unfortunately—or fortunately, as the case may be—we learned this morning that Aikman is on his way East.

We have sent for you today to let you know that we do not intend to wait for Aikman's arrival. Monday night is our deadline."

"May I have a copy of the contract?" Larry asked.

Swayne produced it instantly. "Certainly. If we do not have Tyra's signed contract by six o'clock Monday evening, Mr. Wycoff, she will be arrested for bigamy and the news



Tyra was watching Larry with wide, fascinated eyes. She saw him as a knight-errant, a heroic glorious figure fighting her battles with unflinching courage and consummate skill.

will be sent out on every press wire in the country at once!"

Larry stared intently at the big man.

"I'm taking this contract home with me," Larry said. "I shall think things over and discuss them with my wife. I really believe that you will do what you threaten . . . If I cannot find a way out, I shall advise Mrs. Wycoff to accept your contract. Of course we will try to break it later—"

"Fine. We'll be delighted to have you try."

"You'll hear from me, I hope, by tomorrow night."

The door closed on Larry. Then Swayne turned to the others and there was a triumphant smile on his pink face.

"I'll hand you one thing," applauded Pritchard. "You sure bluffed him beautifully."

"That wasn't any bluff. I've got the press stuff in my pocket, and if we haven't that contract in our hands, it'll be filed by five minutes after six o'clock Monday night," Swayne said.

"You would pay him a hundred thousand dollars," Hansen whined—"and yet without me you could do nothing, and I only get ten thousand."

"It's precisely a hundred times as much as a worm like you is worth."

"I won't go ahead for ten thousand dollars!" Hansen answered.

Swayne's mighty hand dropped on the shoulder of the little man. And Hansen—looking up into the purple face of Rufus



Swayne, suddenly felt a cold terror clutch at his heart—"Mr. Swayne..." His voice rose shrilly. "Oh! please... I swear I didn't mean it... Oooh..."

Tyra was alone in her room when Larry returned from the Marshall House. At the sound of his tap on the door she turned eagerly, but the first glimpse of his set stern face dissipated her hope.

She crossed to him and dropped her hand on his wrist. Her eyes shone up at him and she stood very, very close...

"What luck, Larry?" she asked gently. "None. Swayne has got that worm Hansen with him, and some chap named Pritchard. They mean business, and they mean it before Aikman gets here."

"They know Mr. Aikman is coming?" "Yes. That is one of the details which makes me understand how desperate they are."

Standing thus close to him she seemed too small to be the center of such a storm. And at the moment she was thinking less of her contract troubles than of this slender, proud, worried young man to whom she was married.

HE LEANED forward earnestly. "This is no time for a false step," he said. "I want to go off alone and think. Then I'll come to you and talk it over."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and turned to the door. She was standing stary-eyed in the middle of the room, looking at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"Larry?" "Yes?" "Suppose I did not sign this contract? Suppose I simply let them do what they threaten. What would you think of me?"

He bit his lip. "Just what I think of you now, dear," he answered softly. "Somehow, Tyra, I've never regarded you as a great public figure. To me you've always been just a beautiful, maddeningly desirable woman."

He turned abruptly and was gone. Tyra stared at the mute panels of the door, then her face broke into a smile and she folded her arms across her breast as though holding someone tight against her.

Larry walked for perhaps five miles, then retraced his steps to Habersham. The family had just finished a one o'clock lunch when he came in. Mrs. Wycoff insisted that he eat a bite, and Tyra waited downstairs until he finished. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wycoff knew that something was worrying their son, but they asked no questions. And then, ten minutes later, Tyra and Larry were alone in their room. He spoke abruptly.

"What Swayne threatened this morning was this, Tyra: that if your signed contract is not in his hands by six o'clock Monday night, you will be arrested for bigamy on a warrant sworn out by Furth Hansen. He says that the news will be filed immediately with all of the big press wires. Realizing that he can sign you now or never—I must believe that he means what he says."

He faced her squarely. "There is the situation. I have gone as far as I can. You must make the decision."

"Very well," she smiled bravely—"It is made. I shall sign their contract!"

He stared at her in amazement. "You—you mean—?"

"Certainly, Larry." She tried not to let him know that she was thinking of him and his pride, and his family. She hoped he would not see that she was sacrificing every decent, fighting impulse for his sake. "I think Mr. Aikman knew that this would come. It is a ver' bad situation, Larry. But perhaps it would be worse if I permit them to go ahead and arrest me for bigamy. If it were not for the scandal, the mere money would not bother me. I have much in life..." Her eyes dropped. "And I am grateful for it. Yet it would not be nice to be tried in many courts and to have my name—your name—dragged in the gutter."

"Don't consider me, dear."

Her gaze flashed upward again at his use of the endearment. She saw that he was not conscious of his spoken tenderness.

"You have the contract, Larry?"

"Yes."

"Then let us do it, Larry."

"You are sure? You're not doing this for me—or my parents?"

"Oh! no indeed." She wondered how a man could be so hopelessly dense. "I am doing it because I think it is best—because there is nothing else to do."

He took her hands in his and gazed deeply into her eyes. The girl was amazing. She didn't seem at all depressed or unhappy. The roguish little dimple was faintly discernible and there were high spots of color on each cheek.

"Telephone Swayne," she said brightly. "We will get this thing all complete."

Larry was bewildered. He walked downstairs to the telephone and called the Marshall House. He asked for Swayne's room and the big man's smooth voice answered.

"This is Lawrence Wycoff."

"Yes. This is Swayne."

"Bring the contracts over at three o'clock and Mrs. Wycoff will sign."

"Fine!" He caught the nuance of exultation in the man's voice. "That's great—and sensible."

Larry came back from the telephone. His head was hanging and he seemed hopelessly dejected. The astounding Tyra was smiling... It had come to her that she did not care about contracts or motion pictures or anything in the world except the young man to whom she was married.

They had not long to wait for the arrival of Swayne and Pritchard. Larry and Tyra came forward to greet them.

"To repeat what I said on the telephone," began Larry, "Mrs. Wycoff has decided that the cards are too definitely stacked against her."

Swayne glanced at Tyra. "You have read the contract, Mrs. Wycoff?"

"Yes. I just finished it as you came in."

"It satisfies you?"

"As a contract—yes. It is the thing behind it which I resent."

"That is all past, though, and I'm sure that Aragon will do a great deal for you."

Larry compared the two contracts to make certain that they were exact duplicates. Swayne smiled his approval. "You've got a clever husband, Mrs. Wycoff. I'd like to have him with me."

She paid no attention to his remark. Larry spoke with frigid courtesy.

"You have the corporation seal with you, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"Very well." He handed the pen to Tyra. "Sign right on that line, dear."

Her hand did not tremble. She wrote a large, clear hand and her name was subscribed to both contracts. Larry handed them and the pen to Swayne.

HE ATTACHED his signature and the seal of the corporation. Then he handed one contract to Tyra and placed the other in his coat pocket.

"I won't try to make a secret of how happy I feel about this, Mrs. Wycoff—" he started, but she interrupted.

"I am not happy over it, Mr. Swayne. If there is any way to break the contract, I shall do so. And now, Mr. Swayne—that will be all."

Swayne moved toward the door. He bade them a cordial farewell.

Larry and Tyra moved to the door and watched Swayne and Pritchard walk off.

"I've been a fine protection to you, haven't I?"

"I did this, Larry. Perhaps you cannot understand that I feel happy it is ended. And we have other things to think of," she said.

"What?"

"Oh..." she looked away. "Our return to Los Angeles. And—and ourselves..."

"Our divorce, you mean?"

"Well... I mean about ourselves."

Something in her attitude riveted his attention. A sudden wild hope surged in his heart and he took an impulsive step forward.

And just at that instant the doorbell rang. It jangled on Larry's nerves and broke the magic spell which surrounded him. He turned away abruptly and moved toward the front door. Tyra, her deep violet eyes [Continued on page 47]



EDITORIALS

NOBLES SHOULD WEAR FEZZES ALL DAY AT CEREMONIAL TIMES TO REMIND OTHERS TO ATTEND

AT LEAST one and probably more Shrine Temples have a custom worthy of emulation. On the morning of the day on which there is to be a Ceremonial each member puts on his fez when he leaves his home and wears it all day.

Visiting Shriners can be in no doubt there is to be a meeting of the local Temple that night. Forgetful members are reminded by the numerous fezzes they see on the street, that the Shrine is meeting. How better add to attendance than by this plan?

There is a Hubbard-Emerson wisecrack to the effect that if a man makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor the public will wear a path to his door in search of mousetraps. Every thinking man knows the path would be deeper and the customers more numerous if the virtues of the mousetrap are extolled in a good publicity campaign.

What is true of mousetraps is true of everything in the world. Our children's hospitals have advertised the Shrine far and wide, but their good works can and should be still further made public and this seems a splendid method of doing it.

Experience is as often father to a hunch as an inspiration.

The truly selfish man needs a fair ground to accommodate his enemies while a telephone booth will house his friends.

IT IS THE SHRINE'S MISSION TO MAKE THE WORLD A MORE CHEERFUL PLACE TO LIVE IN

IT IS good now and then to reread the fanciful books of mythology. They tell us of a Golden Age, a wonderful time when truth and right prevailed and law was not needed because every chap who went fishing caught a large string. There were no cops, or laws to punish. The forests grew without the sound of axe and the towns thrived without soldiers or fortifications. There were no guns or gunmen. The earth brought forth fruits and flowers without cultivation, and long green and yellow bills grew on trees instead of leaves. Rivers flowed with milk and honey and everything was happiness and joy.

The Golden Age can never return because it never existed. Perfection is not for this world. Many of the ills which that curious lady, Pandora, allowed to escape when she opened the box, are still afflictions of mortal flesh. But things can always be improved; and it is the mission of the Shrine to do its bit toward making the world a better place in which to live. Its very existence is an evidence of the awakening in the minds and hearts of men that we do not have to leave the world as we found it but can make it better ere we depart.

Who wears a Shrine button on his coat lapel without the Shrine smile on his face is not living up to his profession. That Noble who is not a broadcasting station of cheerful optimism, of charity of thought, of toleration, is no true Shriner. Few indeed, are these. There is nothing more contagious than a smile; and as from each Shriner's face there is an ever widening circle of smile contagion we are making the world more cheerful and a bit nearer the fanciful idea of a Golden Age.

The Prodigal Son may return but the prodigal dollar never comes around to say "Father, I have come home!"

THE AFTERNOON BUSINESS SESSION IS POPULAR, LEAVING THE ENTIRE EVENING FOR THE CEREMONIAL

RUSH the opening ceremonies of the Temple so we can get to the business meeting. Bustle the reading of the minutes of the last meeting so we can get to the election of the candidates.

Hurry the ballot so we can get to the Ceremonial.

Rush the reception of distinguished guests so we can get some fun.

Bawl out the speakers so we can get to the initiation. Do the serious section in short form so we can get at the second section.

Cut short the stunts so we can see the vaudeville.

Hurry through the vaudeville so we can get at the cold fried oysters and the hot dill pickles of the traditional banquet.

Hurry, rush, shove, cut, shorten and hurry some more! Alas, all too often this describes a Shrine meeting. All too often the work is half done in each department in the haste to get at the next.

The afternoon business session is becoming more and more popular. Those interested in the routine work of the organization, its business and financial transactions, its elections of candidates and the reading of the minutes, are not then hurried.

The membership as a whole is not able to attend the business sessions because of the interference with business, but by far the larger percent are not interested anyway. The plan increases the attendance on Ceremonials.

Most men do not like to be kept till one or two o'clock in the morning at Shrine meetings as they must be when a business meeting and a ceremonial session are attempted after seven thirty in the evening.

Can you look into a mud puddle beside the road and see something besides the mud? You can if you have the Shrine spirit.

Women gained their reputation for a lack of sense of humor by trying to keep their faces straight, not laughing at men.

Some of the very busiest people in the world are only picking up the beans they spilled.

With the Imperial Potentate



The Imperial Potentate, Frank C. Jones, driving the old stage coach at Jamestown, North Dakota. Mrs. Jones is shown inside the coach.

IN THE last issue we told of Imperial Potentate Jones' first official swing around the circle, up to June 15th in St. Paul. One of his most interesting experiences, as recorded in the last issue, was his induction into the Crow Tribe of Indians as "Chief High Eagle." A picture of the event (shown below) was afterward received, together with a detailed account from Noble Leon Shaw, Past Potentate of Al Bedoo Temple, which was in charge of the ceremony on the Custer Battlefield. The honor was conferred by Chief Plenty Coos, a national figure, who is 78 years old. The interpreter was the Rev. John Frost, a 32° Mason and a member of the Crow Tribe. Chief Plenty Coos said:

"Friend, you have signally honored us today by your presence, and I am glad to extend to you in behalf of my people our whole hearted welcome. In deep appreciation of the honor you have shown us by your visit, I, as head chief of the Crow Tribe of Indians, take pleasure in presenting to you this war shirt.

This is a mark of distinction we confer upon those who have won high places of honor among men.

"When you go from here and back among your dear ones, I trust you will not forget us, and that the Great Spirit may cause many more moons to shine upon you is my sincere prayer, my friend.

"I shall name you High Eagle for the high place you have attained among men."

In response, the Imperial Potentate presented Chief Plenty Coos with a beautiful blanket, and paid a warm tribute to him and his tribe. He added, in part:



Imperial Potentate Jones was inducted into the Crow Indian Tribe on his visit in June to Al Bedoo Temple, Billings, Montana.

Potentate George H. Fox greeting the Imperial Potentate on his visit to Moolah Temple, St. Louis, Missouri.

"It is an honor to be inducted into the Crow Tribe. They have always been faithful and friendly to the whites, acting as their scouts, guides, counselors and friends through all the years. . . .

"The American flag has never been trailed in the dust, because the American nation has never been defeated in war, and this is also true of the Crow Tribe. They always were victorious in war, and no tribe ever successfully contested their rights to their home lands."

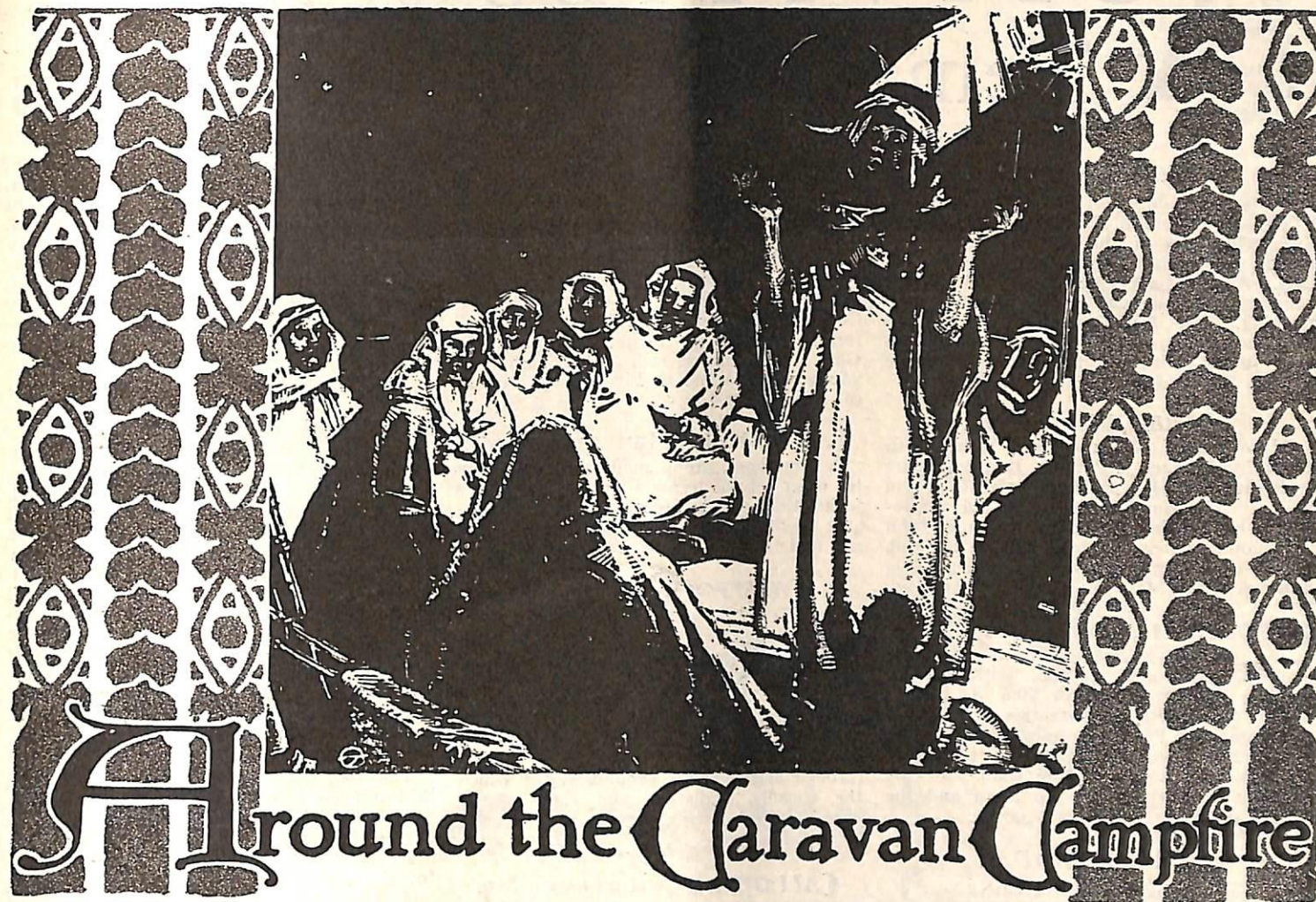
Noble and Mrs. Jones were met in St. Louis on June 19th by Potentate George H. Fox of Moolah Temple and Mrs. Fox, who entertained them throughout the day, and that evening escorted them to the al fresco amphitheater, where the light opera "Vagabond King" was staged for 3,000 Shriners. Noble Jones was introduced from the stage, and between acts Moolah Temple Arab Patrol drilled.

The next day the Imperial Potentate visited the Shriners St. Louis Hospital, singing two songs to the children. He was greeted by 400 ladies of the Temple Club at the Century Boat Club. There was a formal dinner in the evening at the Coronado Hotel, with Noble Fox as toastmaster. The Imperial was then escorted to Moolah Temple, where he addressed the Nobility, commenting upon the Masonic spirit manifest there and complimenting the members upon the splendid condition of the Temple's affairs.



He spoke of the Shrine hospital activity as the Order's best work for humanity. A vaudeville performance followed, and then came a dance at the Statler Hotel.

In Evansville, Indiana, the Imperial Sir was met by Potentate Clarence Blemker of Hadi Temple and Noble D. V. McClary, the past potentates, and a large reception committee. They then led the parade, followed by the Temple Band and other [Continued on page 50]



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

THINK a lot of me. Times I am really quite pleased with myself. Then I recall that I am a Past Grand Master, a Past Grand High Priest, a Thirty-third, and last, but far from least, a Past Potentate. No really important matter should be decided in my Jurisdiction until I have been called into conference and my views obtained! I view with tolerant good humor some of the ideas promulgated by other and younger men in the Fraternity.

"Egotist!" you say? Oh no! I am just like you, only more honest. I admit that I am "the berries"! You pretend a modesty you do not feel down in your heart, old timer! You feel really superior to most of the men you know!

That is as it should be. That deep-seated egotism in every man is a God given attribute to keep the river from getting all cluttered up with the bodies of men who would jump off the dock if they could see themselves as other people see them!

We both feel that when brains were being distributed we were very generously dealt with and should be duly thankful that we are so darned smart. All those fellows who made so much more of a success than we did simply got "the breaks"!

Being perfectly frank about this brains business, let's see how nearly right we are.

I walked out of my garage one afternoon; returning down the concrete walk, I saw that on my outward trip I had been the unwitting cause of three deaths among the world of Little People. Near a crumb of something, to them edible, I had stepped on three of them.

When I crushed out their lives there were more brains under my shoe sole than under my fez rest. I killed at once, a glow worm, a hunting wasp and an ant.

The glow worm which wriggles through the grass and across the walks after dark is an interesting little cuss; like

the firefly, he carries a tail-light and did so long before the automobile.

He lives off of the big snails which you see now and then in dark damp places; they leave the slimy trail you see across the garden walk in the early morning. Those fat sluggish fellows are two to three inches long and as big as a thumb; the glow worm is a tiny fellow like a safety match or not so long.

In an open fight with the slug he would be instantly licked. But he runs up behind the slow moving slug and touches him lightly with one of his tiny hair-like antennae. If you touch a slug with a blade of grass he will turn and contort himself wildly, but so lightly does the glow worm touch him that he does not notice it. At the third touch he is so anesthetized that he is absolutely harmless. The glow worm secretes an acid with which he covers the slug which is immediately liquified, after which the glow worm drinks him down!

All the scientists, all the chemists and all the doctors in the world with all their experimenting have never produced an anesthetic one tenth so potent, so painless as this! What a boon to mankind if we could by three feather touches produce such painless and easy sleep, preparatory to a surgical operation!

The hunting wasp lives largely on spiders and other insects. She builds her mud nest cell after cell under the edge of your porch, inside of your garage, wherever it is protected from rain. Having built the size and general architecture of a peanut she lays an egg in the cell and starts hunting. She finds a fat spider and grasping it in her mandibles shoots into its spinal column an injection resulting in total paralysis. The spider lives on indefinitely, absolutely helpless. She packs the cell with a dozen of these and seals it. When the egg is hatched, her young eat their way through a tunnel of nice fresh spiders to the front, where they emerge to repeat the process for their own young.

[Continued on page 47]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

AAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

Under the direction of Potentate Ezra (Tony) Decoto and Noble William P. St. Sure, chairman of the entertainment committee, the Shrine Players are being organized. Actors, singers and dancers are being rounded up, following a recent preliminary meeting. The Temple aims to put on two large scale dramas or light operas in the near future, with the talent of the Shrine Players as the nucleus.

ABBA, MOBILE, ALA.

More than 100 members went with Potentate Wallace J. Parham Jr. to celebrate Independence Day with "Little Abba" in Selma. The Band and Patrol, led respectively by Nobles Eddie Norton and John T. Moore, participated brilliantly in the long and varied program. In the evening a big banquet in the Masonic Temple was enjoyed.

ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KANS.
The Summer Ceremonial was held in Topeka, the State Capital, with Senator Arthur Capper, Governor Ben S. Paulen, Mayor W. O. Rigby, Potentate W. S. Kirk of Ararat and Potentate John McFarland of Abdallah leading the glittering procession through the streets. More than 130 cars brought the red fezzes into town and the total participants numbered 3,000.

ABOU SAAD, PANAMA CANAL ZONE

Abou Saad Temple held a tropical Ceremonial in the Mosque, Balboa Heights, on the night of July 7th, following the traditional banquet at 7:00 o'clock. Several wanderers who sought shelter and light and warmth got all three.

ABU BEKR, SIOUX CITY, IOWA
Noble G. Adolph Olson was marshal of the Temple's annual Summer outing, which was held this year at Riverview Park, where all the attractions were free to Shriners and their families. The marshal was assisted by a committee under the chairmanship of Carl Johnson, appointed by Potentate Clyde G. Cummins. The committee worked with a general committee headed by Dr. George Ingledue. A big dance at night was the capstone of the program.

AKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.
Akdar expects to send 1,000 Nobles to the joint Ceremonial it will hold with India Temple in Oklahoma City on October 12th. Potentate Hal F. Rambo will lead the host, with the Divan and uniformed bodies in the van. It will be the first event of the kind in Oklahoma in five years.

AL AZHAR, CALGARY, ALBERTA
On July 11th and 12th this far north temple held what Potentate Curlette called a "Stampede Ceremonial." Nobles gathered from far and near, some traveling half way across the continent—1,000 to 1,500 miles—even as far as Vancouver, British Columbia. Special preparations had been made for the long journey to Mecca to be made by the Novices. The venerable sheiks and the young Arabs had left nothing undone to provide unadulterated pleasure for the pilgrims and their desert guards.

AL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

On June 16th this temple celebrated its seventh birthday quietly, as everybody is saving up for the tenth anniversary in 1931. Anah of Bangor, Maine, Mahi of Miami, and Tigris of Syracuse, New York, were also chartered on the same day by the Imperial Council. Only Ben Ali of Sacramento, California, Tadmor of Akron, Ohio, and Ali Ghan of Cumberland, Maryland, are younger. Noble W. E. Pierce keeps historical tabs on the temple.

AL CHYMIA, MEMPHIS, TENN.

A large home group made a trip recently to other Shrine centers in the Temple's jurisdiction, and in Humboldt gave a banquet for the Nobility of Humboldt and Jackson and the surrounding territory.

ALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

The Temple's 46th annual outing was held late in July at Shore Gardens, Nantasket. A business meeting was first held early in the morning for the election of candidates, and then an especially chartered vessel, loaded with the Nobility, left Rowe's wharf at 10:15 A.M. A long and lively program of athletic events was carried through at the picnic grounds, after which the friendly gladiators and their sturdy yeomen enjoyed the New England equivalent of a barbecue.

ALI GHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

About 200 Nobles of Ali Ghan, including all uniformed units, attended the open air Ceremonial of Boumi Temple in Baltimore. A special train left Cumberland over the B. & O. at 7:45 in the morning, returning that night.

The feature of the occasion was the parade of 2,000 Nobles from Boumi and the visiting aggregations, including Ali Ghan's contingent. The members came back with expressions of profuse commendation for the hospitality shown them.

Drum carriers for the bass drums have been received by the Drum Corps, making a valuable added equipment for that unit. The Band has a new base drum.

AL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

The annual outing was held early in August at Oaks Park, a suburb. Noble M. Euler was general chairman in charge, by appointment of Potentate Boyd. The entire park was turned over for the exclusive use of the Nobility, whose families participated in the festivities.

Noble Sam P. Cochran, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, was a distinguished visitor in Portland on June 18th, as the guest of Potentate Hugh J. Boyd. After visiting the children's hospital here, and conferring with the local board of governors, he attended the temple's regular monthly meeting and addressed the assembled Nobles on the progress of the hospital work.

AL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Noble Fred E. Warnke conducted the Temple's second annual golf tournament, at the Acacia Country Club, on July 11th. There were 30 prizes, for which 180 players contended. Roy S. Bain was in charge of

the prizes and the distribution of them. The golf tournament chairman was William Downie, assisted by Alf Fischley, R. A. Groch, R. H. Koepf, Kent A. Nesbit, Day Peckinpaugh, George Reeves, George Schneider, Bill Taylor.

The Shrine-Grotto picnic and field day for crippled children featured the third annual baseball tilt between teams of the two temples, and also a soccer game.

AL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A class of 271 Novices "learned all" on July 2nd, and now the membership is approaching the 12,000 mark, and all of them, it is hoped, will be workers when the Imperial Council sessions are held here next June. Seven thousand Nobles witnessed the initiation. Among the speakers were Leo V. Youngworth, Imperial Deputy Potentate, and Shrine visitors from Mexico City and Atlantic City. Richard Dix was one of the Novices and among the visiting guests was Al Jolson of Mecca Temple, New York City. Le Roy Davis has been elected Director General of the convention of 1929 here.

AL MENAH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The temple's annual family picnic was held at Perry's Park, near Nashville, on July 12th. As to weather, the battle cry was "Perry's or Bust." So, of course, most everybody who could get away was there for the festivities. And when all arrived, and thereafter, a lively orchestra just wouldn't let their feet behave.

AL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

The members recently held a surprise party in honor of Potentate J. Lane Mullally and gave him a platinum and diamond Shrine emblem. This was followed by a barbecue for the Nobility, with the three uniformed bodies as hosts.

ALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Potentate John T. Lomax took the Nobility and their families to Camp Alzafar, high in the hills, on July 14th. The motor caravan left the Scottish Rite Temple in San Antonio in mid-afternoon, Nobles with extra car spaces turning them over to Noble Frank Ford, chairman of the transportation committee, for the convenience of trippers without cars.

Past Potentate Bobby Burns was chef de barbecue. He made the trip from Kennedy to do the job, which he did well.

CANEZEH, CITY OF MEXICO

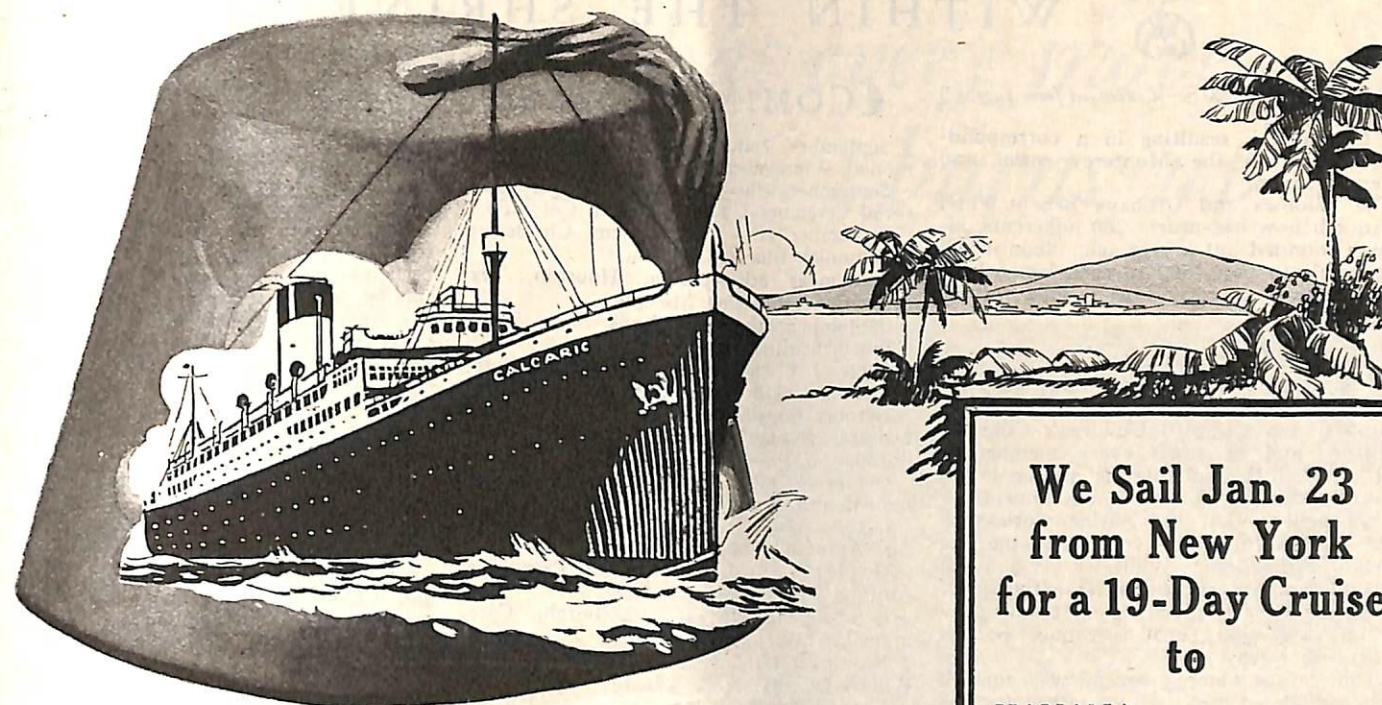
This temple's Shrine Club in Tampico has grown to a membership of nearly 100, although organized less than a year ago. It provides a central meeting place for local Nobles and a welcome haven for visiting ones. The Club is already preparing for the Autumn Ceremonial to be held in Tampico, when Potentate Manuel Muñoz and his divan and uniformed bodies and rank and file cohorts will journey on the long trail down to the big oil metropolis.

The Monterey Shrine Club was organized only in December of last year, and is limited by the small Shrine membership there. Recruits are being gathered, however, for

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SEPTEMBER, 1928

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AGAIN We Go to the West Indies

The White Star Line S.S. Calgaric has been chartered for Another Shriners' Pleasure Cruise to Pirate Land

GREAT News! There will be another chance to go with fellow-Shriners on a luxurious cruise to the West Indies. The success of last year's cruise made a compelling demand for another this coming winter. Plan now to come along. You'll need no urging if you went on the other one.

A famous cruise ship, the White Star Line S. S. Calgaric will carry us leisurely about the Spanish Main. She's big enough to ride easily and be absolutely safe. But she's small enough to slip into the romantic ports of the Caribbean, like a pirate brig of years ago. She's all ours—especially chartered for Shriners and their families and friends. And she won't be crowded. To make sure of comfort, the reservations of only the first 480 applicants will be accepted.

Enjoyment Assured

We're going on a *real* vacation. No distracting worries about where we'll eat or sleep next. We'll go about like a royal party with the very best of

accommodations waiting for us at each point. All of the travel arrangements are being made by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., who made our cruise such a success last year.

**One Fee Includes All Expenses
\$275 and up**

By all going together, we will get truly remarkable rates. Imagine only \$275 for a pleasure cruise to the West Indies with congenial company! Somewhat more for the choicest staterooms. The one fee

covers every necessary expense—stateroom—meals aboard and ashore—shore trips—entrance fees to parks, museums, etc.—competent guides—all land and embarking charges. You'll know what you will spend—no unpleasant surprises.

We sail from New York, January 23rd. We'll be back in New York 19 days later. And how different we'll feel! We'll be healthier,

clearer headed. We'll have many new friends. We'll have colorful memories that will brighten the rest of our lives.

Why You Should Plan NOW

You probably think "January 23rd is a long way off". But remember only 480 can go on the cruise and an avalanche of reservations will come from people who went on or heard from their friends about last year's cruise. And the first applicants will get the pick of the staterooms!

Talk up a party to go from your community. Get complete information today from your local steamship agent or mail this coupon.

JAMES BORING'S TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.
730 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Mail this Coupon for Full Details

JAMES BORING'S TRAVEL SERVICE, INC. W-139
730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Please send me complete information about the Second Annual Shriners' Cruise to the West Indies and Panama.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 42]

the Ceremonial, resulting in a corresponding increase in the Monterey social and fraternal group.

The Widows and Orphans Benefit Fund of Anezeh now has nearly 200 adherents, although founded but a year ago. Soon it will be possible to pay \$500 to each beneficiary, and whenever necessary the money will be cabled.

ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Potentate W. L. Childs is gratified over the continued interest his flock takes in the Temple's own Crippled Children's Clinic in Houston, and he urges every member to visit their little patients as personal opportunity offers. He says in a statement:

"We believe that the Shrine work with these poor unfortunates constitutes the real heart of Shrinedom. While we get a lot of joy and fun out of the other activities of the Shrine, here is given us an opportunity for an expression such as cannot be got in any other way."

A special Summer program was run off in the middle of July, with weather and the threat of weather failing to keep the Nobles and their families and friends away. A short business session was followed by a splendid band concert, a lot of novelty entertainment, and a big watermelon party. The band was in command, and provided a night of innocent fun that was greatly appreciated.

BEKTASH, CONCORD, N. H.

Potentate Arthur McC. Dunstan took the Divan and other units to Lancaster for a Ceremonial in July. Despite heavy and continued rains, the faithful gathered more than 1,000 strong and the elaborate program was carried through with great élat.

BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

The previously mentioned Ceremonial in Alturas, in the northern part of the state, initiated 60 candidates, whose ordeal was witnessed by Nobles not only of California but also of Oregon and Nevada. A large crowd got on the train in Reno. The Patrol of Stockton, California, participated prominently in the proceedings.

BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Ben Hur took the lead in staging a city-wide "safe and sane" Fourth of July, and was highly commended by The Austin Statesman, which said editorially:

"The Austin Statesman doffs its hat to the Ben Hur Shrine and its successful Independence Day program, giving safe, sound and wholesome entertainment to thousands of Austin and Central Texas people at the stadium."

BOUMI, BALTIMORE

Members and their wives and other ladies enjoyed a water trip of two days from Saturday, July 21st, to early Monday morning. They chartered a good sized steamer of the Old Bay Line and cruised along the Chesapeake for two big nights and a day. There was a carnival aboard, and also card parties, deck games, amusements, formal entertainments and lots of dancing.

Noble Robert A. Sindall was general chairman in command, with Noble Roland B. Haynie in charge of transportation. Potentate George M. Armor was chairman ex-officio of arrangements.

Past Imperial Potentates Dykeman and Dunbar and Leonard P. Steuart, the Imperial Marshal, attended the recent outdoor monster Ceremonial staged by Boumi.

Potentate George M. Armor, with his Divan, aides and committee chairmen, at-

COMING EVENTS

September 2nd-3rd—Kerak, Reno, Ceremonial, Winnemucca, Nev.

September 4th—El Jebel, Denver, Territorial Ceremonial, Fort Morgan, Colorado.

September 7th—Beni Kedem, Charleston, Ceremonial, Bluefield, W. Va.

September 8th—Arabia, Houston, Tex., dedication remodeled Mosque.

September 8th—New York State Shrine Council, field day; Niagara Falls.

September 13th-14th—Oasis, Charlotte, Ceremonial, Asheville, N. C.

October 4th—El Riad, Sioux Falls, North Dakota, Sousa's Band, Sousa in person leading.

October 12th—India, Oklahoma City, Ceremonial with Akdar, Tulsa, in Oklahoma City.

October 17th—Tigris, Syracuse, New York, first Autumn Ceremonial.

October 26th—El Maida, El Paso, first Autumn Ceremonial.

October 30th—Syria, Pittsburgh, Ceremonial, Uniontown, Penna.

November 15th—Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, Will Rogers lecture.

November 19th—Tigris, Syracuse, 7th annual circus.

tended the joint meeting of the Delaware Shrine Club and the Eastern Shore Shrine Club of Boumi Temple, held at Rehoboth Beach on July 18th.

The Potentate said in his speech that if Lu Lu holds a September Ceremonial in Wilmington, Boumi's uniformed bodies will participate. Other Boumi speakers were Judge Frank Duncan and Noble S. O'Neal.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

Nobles Joseph Paternoster, Walter Hankin and Linford D. Closson have returned after acting as a committee to inspect varied Shrine mosques, in regard to the new one to be built here.

Potentate Earl Jeffries recently addressed the Atlantic City Shrine Club in behalf of the hospitals project. Noble J. Howard Blackman presided for the first time as the new president of the Club.

CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Summer Ceremonial was held in the Masonic Temple, with 1,000 visitors, particularly from Oriental Temple of Troy. The program opened at 5:00 P. M. with a roast beef supper for the sojourning Nobility and the Albany ones. A class of 25 unregenerate sons of the desert were later put through their paces. Afterward there was a vaudeville entertainment in Odd Fellows Hall.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Homeward bound Elks from Miami were entertained by the Nobility of Egypt Temple. The uniformed bodies gave them a dance and a frolic at the Davis Islands coliseum.

Fund raising to send the units to Los Angeles next June has already begun.

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

At the request of the Temple's Shrine Association, an ordinance has been offered to the Denver City Council to have certain streets vacated through the site of the proposed El Jebel park. Parts of Vrain Street, West 51st Avenue and Utica Street are to be cleared.

The Temple's free public concert and Patrol drill in the Civic Center are popular features of Denver's Summer life.

On June 28th El Jebel gave an entertainment and banquet in honor of 500 dele-

gates to the eighth annual convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. Noble Stapleton, Mayor of Denver, officially welcomed them to Denver.

EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

This temple has already begun to plan for the delegations that will pass through Spokane or make special trips going or coming to the Imperial Council sessions in Los Angeles next June. Potentate C. Clare Cater and Chief Rabban F. H. Braden are now scanning names for committee appointments this Autumn.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Potentate Thornton with a party of Shriners and their ladies went to League City on July 24th to fraternize with Nobles there. It inaugurated a series of short visitations to be made to the several points where El Mina has ambassadors. The Band and Chanters went along, but all canned speeches were canned in advance. This talkless innovation was appreciated.

The Temple's annual flag raising ceremony officially opened Galveston's Independence Day celebration. Shriners, leading soldiers from Fort Crockett and various civic organizations, marched from the Temple to Menard Park. Army airplanes flew above and during the ceremony dropped "bombs."

EL RIAD, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

The big family play day of the year was all of July 18th, at Elmwood Park. There was an old fashioned barbecue, an exciting golf tournament, sports, dancing and lots of eating. Amusements of special interest to children were provided and they got lots of free pop and ice cream.

GIZEH, VICTORIA, B. C.

The Gizeh Temple Shrine Band gives concerts at the various hospitals in Victoria. The program arranged for a recent appearance at Jubilee Hospital, under the direction of Noble James M. Miller, was of sacred and classical music.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

Noble George Albrecht has retired as president of the Shrine Booster Club, being succeeded by Del Blackburn, who made Vice-President Walter J. Lang chairman of the program committee and responsible for the weekly luncheon events. The Club administration changes every six months.

Upon surrendering the onerous duties of office Noble Albrecht was given a pre-Volstead bar license and told to go into business for himself. He was also handed a bucket of paint and a brush and invited to paint the town red.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

More than 3,000 attended the annual Hella al fresco Summer picnic, June 29th, at Kidd Springs Park. A big basket dinner, with individual groups formed, was the main event of the afternoon and evening. Potentate J. Tom Owens was master of ceremonies, presenting three clever vaudeville stunts, one by a Hella member, H. H. McDaniel, in mystifying legerdemain. There were motion pictures and an hour's concert by the De Molay band, swimming in the big lake, and a dance following.

Hella's units, the Patrol, Drum and Bugle Corps and Band, participated in the benefit performance given for Tancred Knights Templar commandery drill team on July 3rd, when Potentate Owens was in charge of the

[Shrine News Continued on page 46]

"Doctors tell us that every move . . . every mental action . . . burns up nerve tissue . . . to be replaced by sleep"

Says

J. C. BURGER

BUT that's only part of the story. Mr. Burger's next comment is equally important: "We are so much more active today—yet get even less time for sleep—that we must get the most out of every hour."

"There's nothing that so re-vitalizes me as to sleep on a Simmons Mattress and Spring," continues Mr. Burger.

And his experience is the same as yours would be. This Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is the most remarkable combination for inducing sleep—it's almost unbelievable, and if thousands of men all over the country weren't having the same experience as Mr. Burger, we might think his was an exceptional case.

There are sound reasons why these results are obtained. Your local store will be glad to tell you what they are—but right here let us emphasize our point: the largest makers of beds, mattresses and springs have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars perfecting the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring. There's nothing that compares with them.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



JAMES C. BURGER, V. P. Denver National Bank, is decidedly a self-made man. Born in New York City, educated in the public schools, he started his commercial career as "office boy" in one of the metropolitan banks. From the start he liked banking—with the result that his rise has been rapid.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—a core of close-packed wire coils. Over this, thick, soft mattress layers.

To see the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is to recognize their quality and comfort. There are no ridges—bunches or hollows.

Simmons Ace Spring—of resilient spiral springs. Equal to a box spring, but lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.

SIMMONS BEDS SPRINGS MATTRESSES
[BUILT FOR SLEEP]



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44]

program at the request of the Templar commander.

HILLAH, ASHLAND, ORE.

Hillah's hosts descended upon Medford for the annual Summer picnic, to which all Masons and their families were cordially invited. They frolicked at the Elks picnic grounds on the Rogue River, outside of Medford. There were athletic events of all kinds, games, races and dancing. Nobles George R. Chapman, Louie Ulrich, Paul Rynning, Glenn Simpson and John Lawrence headed the committees responsible for the successful affair.

INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Potentate Claude M. March is already planning with his assistants for the reception of Nobles that will come here from Akdar in Tulsa for the joint Ceremonial on October 12th. Visitors from temples in Arkansas, Kansas and Texas are also expected, and the Imperial Potentate has been asked to participate officially in the events.

Fully 2,000 outside Nobles are looked for, and their commingling with the 5,500 members of India will make a right smart crowd.

KIREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

On July 10th announcement was made of a \$650,000 campaign for enlargement and improvement of the Temple building and liquidation of the indebtedness.

The auditorium has not adequately accommodated the membership for several years and tentative plans call for an increase of about 50 per cent in seating capacity.

Noble F. J. Weckesser is chairman of the campaign executive committee, assisted by Shelby D. Dimmick of Scranton and Percy A. Brown, vice-chairmen, and twenty-three other prominent Nobles.

ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

Islam's annual Ukaz in the Redwoods was held this year on July 6th-7th-8th. This outing of three days in the famous secluded grove worked up much esoteric feeling, never to be known by those who did not attend. There were three plays—"The Kisweh," "Al Hotama," and "The Pilgrimage." The last named had a cast of 50 persons.

Two of the plays involved early Moslem themes and one was a satire on man's inconstancy and wavering faith. The authors, in the order of naming the productions, are Dr. Jacob Nieto, Thomas Cuscaden, Herbert D. Walter.

Following the performance of "The Pilgrimage" there was a campfire afterglow which lasted several hours.

Noble William H. Worden was general chairman, by appointment of Potentate P. A. Erbes. Gus Lachman, William L. Hughson, Foster G. Dyer, Henry E. Lapkin and Robert A. Peabody were vice-chairmen.

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Potentate George H. Rowe has announced the preliminary innovations in the elaborate panorama of entertainment with which the Nobles will entertain the New York State Council A. A. O. N. M. S. in Buffalo on September 7th-8th.

A luncheon and entertainment will open the conclave at 12 o'clock on the 7th. A brief business meeting will serve as an interlude before a gala water festival, dinner and show at the Buffalo Canoe Club for visiting delegates. A breakfast for visiting Temples at 8:00 o'clock Saturday morning will introduce a day of fun, pleasure, pastime and amusement under the auspices of the uni-

formed bodies, concluding with a dinner and cabaret in the manner of the older and mellower days, at the Prince of Wales Club in Niagara Falls, Ontario.

JAFFA, ALTOONA, PA.

Jaffa is proceeding steadily in its building program, which will give the Nobility within a year an adequate and beautiful temple. Jaffa already owns extensive grounds in Altoona, and building specifications have been warmly commended by the members and the general public. The Altoona Mirror regards it as a great civic enterprise, and says editorially:

"We are sure the general public will unite in hearty congratulations to the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine who are promoting this worthy enterprise. It will prove a very notable addition to the various architectural monuments which are being erected in the city or which are already a common possession and a common pride."

KAABA, DAVENPORT, IOWA

The July picnic at the Springbrook Country Club, De Witt, Iowa, was a howling success. Several hundred of the Nobles wearing their bright red fezzes took part in the various contests and games. It was a great day for the kids and for the grown-ups, and all of those present expressed their desire of forming a Caravan and journeying to Burlington, Iowa on August 22nd, when Kaaba had another big picnic.

The committee in Burlington was functioning 100 per cent and gave the Nobles a real picnic. There was plenty of free ice cream, lemonade and coffee. Prizes for the various contests and a big dance in the evening.

On October 18th, Kaaba will celebrate its 50th Anniversary with a big Ceremonial. Plans are under way to give the members a Ceremonial better than has ever been put on before.

On November 15th there will be an entertainment, which will be featured by none other than Will Rogers, America's Unofficial Ambassador and Congressman at Large. There will be a charge for this entertainment, and from present indications, the auditorium will be sold out long before the date.

KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

Thirty cars of Waco Shriners went to Cameron on July 12th to give an entertainment that would swell the Cameronian Shrine purse for local uses. The program they put on there included Hindu magic, juggling, exhibition dancing and music.

KARNAK, MONTREAL, CANADA

The pilgrimage of the representatives of Karnak Temple to the Imperial Council at Miami this year was most enjoyable. Past Potentate Currie and Mrs. Currie and Recorder Macklaier and Mrs. Macklaier first went to New York for several days of shopping and sight-seeing. They were joined by Potentate Flett and Noble Mitchell, a young Shriner of 84 years of age, and the party then went to Havana for a stay of three days. In Miami they were joined by Noble G. S. Retallack, the fourth representative.

Much amusement was caused by Recorder Macklaier trying to locate a parking place for a small crocodile which had been presented to him by the Royal Court of Jesters. He finally placed him in the bathroom, adorned with ferns to make the animal quite comfortable until he was shipped to New York for Noble Dr. C. C. Hunt, who is a collector of curios.

The regular Spring Ceremonial was held

in the Masonic Temple on June 8th, twelve candidates being inducted. The work of the Divan was exceptionally good and the inspired charge by Past Potentate Alex. Moore was flawless.

Much favorable comment was made by members and visitors on the flag ceremony. Potentate T. H. Flett, after a brief explanation of the ceremony gave the instructions to the color party, who then escorted the English flag to the altar, where the pledge was recited. Flanked on the dais were the flags of the United States and Canada.

At the conclusion of the Ceremonial supper was served. The large dining room of the Temple, seating 300, was inadequate and additional tables had to be set up in the card-rooms, billiard-rooms and library. An excellent vaudeville entertainment arranged by Past Potentate Gardiner was put on, concluding with the singing of "God Save the King," "America" and "Auld Lang Syne."

KERAK, RENO, NEV.

The Potentate and all past potentates of Kerak were invited to Islam's three-day jollification at its Redwoods retreat near La Honda, California. Potentate Goodwin and Past Potentates Lippman, Dinsmore and Reid accepted and had a very good time.

KISMET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Kismet gave a basket party outing for its members and their families on July 27th, chartering a big Hudson River liner for a steam up that river to Indian Point. Private reservations had been made in advance for facilities for bathing, boating, baseball, tennis and dancing.

KOSAIR, LOUISVILLE, Ky.

Proposals for the purchase of Kosair's property at 220 to 234 East Broadway are being entertained, and were the subject of a general meeting called by the Kosair Temple Association on the night of July 13th.

LU LU, PHILADELPHIA

Potentate William J. Highfield and many other notables of Lu Lu left Philadelphia early on the morning of July 18th to be the guests of the Delaware Shrine Club of Lu Lu at Rehoboth, Delaware. There was a great outpouring of the Faithful from Wilmington and other Delaware centers. The occasion was also made a joint affair by the presence of a large delegation from Boumi Temple under Potentate Armor.

The fraternizing meeting also had a business aspect and brought out many points of interest to the future of Shrinedom in the three states concerned.

Potentates Highfield and Armor were the principal speakers. Others were Nobles Elwood Grillenberg, president of the Delaware Shrine Club; S. O. O'Neal, president of the Eastern Shore Shrine Club of Boumi; Frank Duncan of Boumi.

There was a sumptuous dinner, over which Noble Joe Cox of Seaford presided as toastmaster with grace and verisimilitude. Also a splendid concert and vaudeville entertainment arranged by Noble Grillenberg.

The possibility of a Lu Lu Ceremonial in Wilmington in September was discussed, with Boumi promising to send its own uniformed bodies to assist.

MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Tropical weather has no effect on Maskat boosters, except to stimulate them into such renewed activity that even the very term "Summer hibernation" is meaningless to them. They are out every week-end on good-will jaunts to the many towns in the temple's very large geographical jurisdiction.

[Shrine News Continued on page 48]

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 41]

What would meat packers give for a serum which, squirted into the neck of a steer, would keep it as fresh meat indefinitely?

Have you ever investigated an ant hill or read what investigators have written about it? An ant hill is a republic; all for one and one for all. Every ant has its own job for the good of the community. Investigators are agreed there has never been seen an ant slacker. In all the complicated civilization of an ant hill there has never been found a jail, a court, a cop, a sheriff, a hangman's gallows, a criminal or a selfish individual. Every ant does its job perfectly.

Imagine what a Shrine Temple would be if every man in it was as bright as that little ant I stepped on! Just imagine what it would mean to be the Potentate of such a Temple!

MARRIAGE, LIMITED

[Continued from page 38]

shaded with keen disappointment, followed him.

Larry opened the door. A round-faced, jolly-looking man stood there. Larry broke into a smile of welcome—

"Sam Hardwick!" he greeted. "Walk right in . . ." He turned to Tyra. "You've met Sheriff Hardwick, haven't you, Tyra?"

"I have met him—and I could never forget." She put a tiny, warm hand in his.

Larry spoke. "You came to see Dad I reckon, Sheriff."

Sam Hardwick's face grew serious.

"I—well, confound it, Larry, if you must know!—I've got a warrant for your wife's arrest!"

A sudden, tense silence fell over the room.

"What's the charge?" Tyra asked.

"Bigamy!"

Her eyes flashed to her husband's drawn face. His head was thrown back and his eyes were blazing. "Good Lord, Sheriff—"

"There's something wrong about the whole thing," drawled Sam Hardwick. "Of course there ain't going to be no arresting done. But I had to let you know—"

"Thanks," said Larry earnestly. "I know you'll keep this mighty quiet until I have a chance to look into it."

"Sure, Son—sure."

As the front door closed behind Sheriff Hardwick, Larry leaped for the telephone and called the Marshall House. He was connected with Wayne.

"This is Wycoff." Larry's voice was crisp. "I want you back at this house immediately. There's nothing wrong with the contract. It's something a lot more vital. Bring Hansen."

"Very well."

A few minutes later the doorbell rang. Larry hastened to answer it. The big figure of Swayne, flanked by the smaller and stockier one of Pritchard, stood in the doorway. Larry's eyes narrowed.

"Where's Hansen?"

Swayne shook his head. "Couldn't find him."

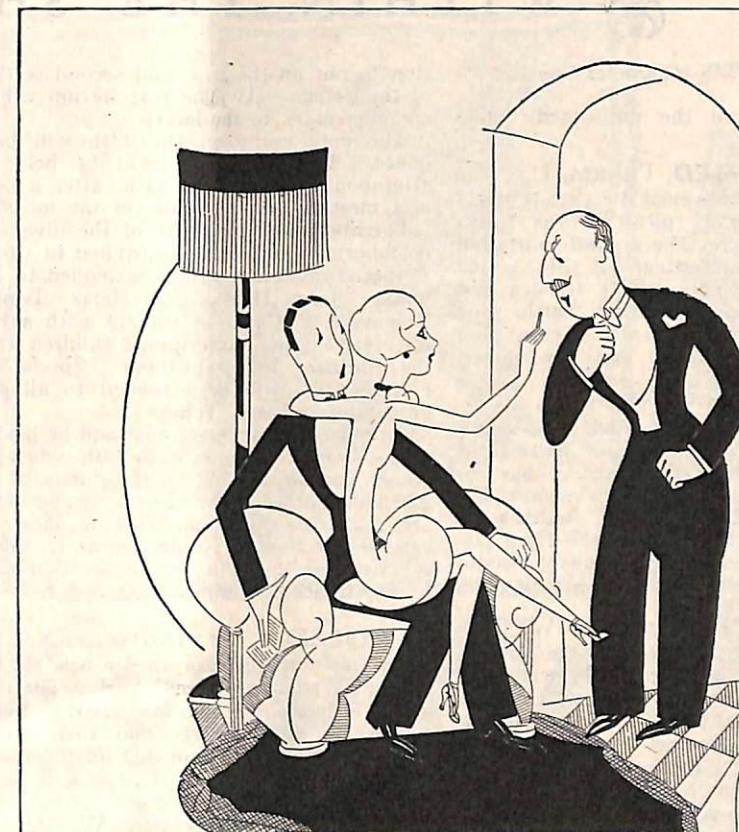
Tyra stood back against the wall, watching her husband with wild interested eyes. He was a different Larry—a Larry of commanding power and inflexible determination.

"Well, Swayne," he asked, "what about it?"

The other blinked. "About what?" Larry bent forward tensely. "Sheriff Sam Hardwick just came here and put Tyra under arrest for bigamy!"

An awful hush filled the room. Swayne's eyes flashed to Pritchard's stern, set face.

"Hansen! Furth Hansen! He must have done this thing." [Continued on page 49]



EMOTIONAL MOMENTS

IN THE LIFE OF A FLAPPER

When your father comes in suddenly after you have come home from a dance, and finds you in a tight clutch with a young man, just . . . Offer Dad a MURAD.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46]
tion. Generally all the uniformed bodies make the trip.

MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.

Airplane stunts enlivened the already lively enough annual family picnic at the North Shore Country Club. The ground sports bill was also very interesting. A life saving exhibition, putting and driving tests, a bait casting competition, and a golf battle were some of the diverting events. There were moving pictures, dancing, and side shows.

MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Dr. Mark B. Herlong, High Priest and Prophet of Morocco, who is also Chairman of the Jacksonville City Commission, has received a certificate of honorary membership in Hadi Temple of Evansville, Indiana, in recognition of his welcome to the Hadi pilgrims who passed through this city en route to the Imperial Council session in Miami.

NEMESIS, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The contract has been let by the Temple authorities for the paving of Shriners Park Road on Fort Boreman, on which high elevation, overlooking the surrounding country for many miles in all directions, the Nobility expects to build some kind of an imposing structure. The especially provided grade will make this one of the nicest short drives in the state.

The Temple's park up there is of 140 acres. The committee in charge is composed of John Crawford, Colonel C. E. Morrison, H. W. Russell, Recorder James A. Bryan and J. D. Silcott. One plan contemplates a beautiful mosque. Another proposal is to build a structure 300 feet square, with a large stage for Ceremonials, plays, dances, and the like, with an auditorium with 5,000 seating capacity. Nothing has been decided. Already hundreds of visitors go up to Shriners Park every week and the ideality of the location calls for something imposing to cap it.

NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

To "Smile with Nile" was easy on July 21st, when the annual picnic at the Country Club on Lake Ballinger took up all the day and made it noteworthy. Nile's own camels were there and the committee reports that their walk was "like that of a debutante mincing over to the punch bowl."

The children, by design were kept so busy with fun and games that little Minnie didn't have time to spill lemonade on daddy's fez or darling Danny to drop bugs down Aunt Sophronia's bodice. Even giggling Gertie forgot to fall into the cake.

At night came the heel flipping contest, with two orchestras pulsating the very uttermost ultra in music.

And then came the dawn. Clinton S. Harley was general chairman of this last word in outings. Thomas G. Hammond, Harry E. Hudson and Louis P. Schaeffer were vice-chairmen. Nearly 200 committeemen on 23 committees worked under their direction.

OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Fall Ceremonial of Oasis Temple will be held on September 13th and 14th in Asheville, when the Nobles will be guests of the Asheville Shrine Club, which will have charge of the occasion.

George H. Burns, president of the club in Asheville, and other members of the committee representing the club, conferred recently with officials of the temple. Potentate R. E. Simpson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, presided at the conference. The Asheville committee requested and received permis-

sion to put on the first and second sections of the Ceremonial. The first section will be complimentary to the ladies.

The only event on the 13th will be a dance. The Ceremonial will be held the afternoon of September 14th, after a business meeting and a parade in the morning.

Potentates and members of the divans of neighboring temples will be invited to attend. A special invitation will be extended to Potentate John Holmes of Hejaz Temple, Greenville, S. C., to be present with a representative group of crippled children from the Shriners Hospital there. Special invitations also will be extended to all past potentates of Oasis Temple.

An out-of-town Ceremonial will be held in Asheville on September 13th-14th, when the Divan and Nobles will be the guests of the Asheville Shrine Club. Local arrangements are in charge of a group working under the general directions of Noble George H. Burns, president of the club, in cooperation with Potentate R. E. Simpson.

OLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

On July 12th Oleika opened a new \$75,000 swimming pool at Joyland Park. The program included a swimming party, picnic supper for 400 Shriners and their wives, bridge games, entertainment numbers and dancing.

OSIRIS, WHEELING, W. VA.

Noble Nicholas H. von Berg took his Shrine Band to Waddington to give a concert for the Nobles there and the general public. An additional feature was the singing of early mountaineer music by Professor John Harrington Cox of West Virginia University.

RAJAH, READING, PA.

Potentate Eisenbrown and other Rajah officers participated prominently in Irem's Ceremonial on July 12th. While passing through Tamaqua, preceded in style by four members of the State Motor Patrol, Potentate Eisenbrown was halted by another patrolman and taken to police headquarters. This was the beginning of the town's unique reception to the big 16 to 1 pote, the next step being his committal to "jail for 48 hours on the charge of vagrancy." Later, the authorities, fearing that the "prisoner's" mellow voice, backed by several hundred pounds of avoirdupois, booming forth with "Sweet Adeline", would shiver the timbers of his cell, released him when bail was furnished by The Evening Courier. A public reception then followed at the Elks Club.

RAMESES, TORONTO, CANADA

Rameses observed the American Independence Day by holding a big meeting and hearing an address by Potentate C. H. Collins on the significance of the day and of Canada's Dominion Day. There were several

United States Nobles in attendance.

Past Potentate jewels were presented to Nobles U. E. Gillen and Dr. W. H. Wright. All of the temple's past potentates save one were present.

The weather being hot, a trip across the hot sands was appropriate, and 19 persons beyond the pale who thirsted for knowledge were permitted to keep on thirsting until they had satisfactorily passed the Moslem Test.

A report was presented to the effect that three of the crippled children being treated by Rameses, who could not walk at all a few months ago, are moving about and making steady progress. A plan was outlined for a temple entertainment at the Canadian National Exhibition in behalf of orphans, women and the aged.

SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

Posterity will see Salaam's monster parade and Ceremonial just as it was held in Jersey City and on Pershing Field late in June. Complete moving pictures were taken of the pageant and all the accompanying events and have now been archived. Mr. Jack Keale, manager of the State Theater of Jersey City, had the picture made and presented it to the Temple, receiving in return a letter of thanks and commendation from Potentate Alberts.

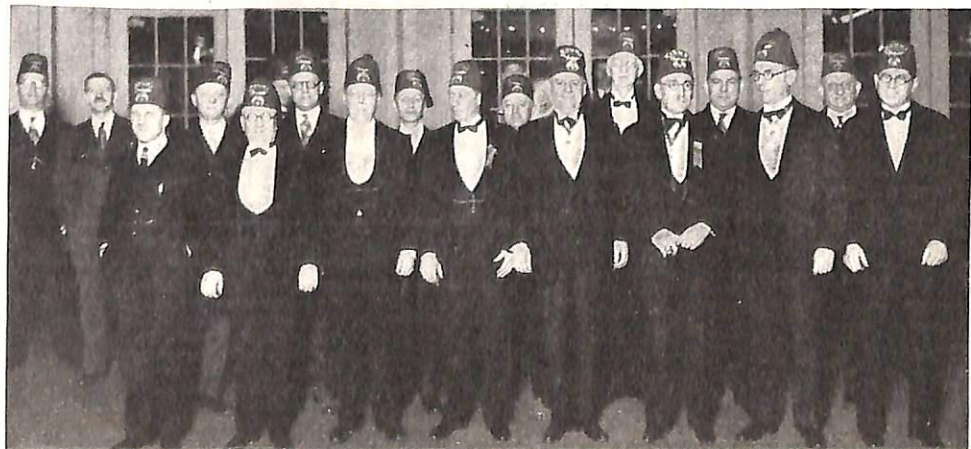
The film includes the dedication exercises for the Shrine wing of Christ Hospital and the out-of-town uniformed bodies that participated in the events.

On July 2nd Salaam members of the Hudson County Shrine Club were hosts at a big affair for 1,500 orphaned, blind, crippled and feeble-minded children. It was entirely non-sectarian, in accordance with Masonry and good Shrine doctrine, and so it was enjoyed alike by Protestant, Catholic and Jewish children. Every orphanage in the county sent its little charges, and the unfortunates in humble private homes were ferreted out and taken along.

Columbia Amusement Park was the scene of the big outing, with the Masonic Club at Clinton and Crescent Avenues being headquarters for Potentate Alberts and his staff. Use of the park was due to Noble Otto Aeschbach.

Noble Oscar W. Freeman, president of the [Shrine News Continued on page 50]

(Below) One of the good reasons why Boumi Temple's entertainments, in Baltimore, are such outstanding successes is its Hospitality Committee for 1928: Front row, left to right—Nobles Frank Watson, George B. Wells, Carey A. Moore, Ellis S. White, H. C. Glover, Chairman; George L. Hiscock, Vice-chairman, Dr. Thomas S. McCarriar, C. Vernon Thomas. Second row—Nobles C. A. Jording, William G. Albrecht, H. H. Taggart, H. L. Denton, Walter E. Kreil, William H. Klinefelter, George E. Eddy, A. K. Galloway, Julius G. Bunnecke.



SEPTEMBER, 1928

MARRIAGE, LIMITED

[Continued from page 47]

"But why? You have the contract..." Swayne fought himself under control. "It's a darned serious situation, Wycoff. Right after you left the hotel that rat wanted to know why he wasn't coming in for some of the money we were so lavishly offering to spend. We had a scene."

They regarded each other with bewilderment. "Then it's worse than I thought," observed Larry. "Hansen is doing this to vent his spleen on you. Tyra is the innocent victim."

Swayne was sick with disgust. "The thing to do now is get Hansen and make him keep his mouth shut. Even to the extent of buying him off. Can you go down to the Court House with us?"

"Certainly."

Tyra moved forward. "I'm going, too." They found Sheriff Hardwick in his office in the Court House. He rose deferentially. "Sheriff," asked Larry—"How long can we keep this thing quiet?"

"A couple of days maybe."

"Sheriff," Swayne said—"we're looking for a man who came to Habersham with us. I suspect that he is the key to this whole situation. Perhaps in a quiet way, you can help locate him."

"Perhaps. If Larry says Yes."

"Go ahead, Sheriff."

"What's his name?" asked Hardwick.

"Hansen. Furth Hansen."

"That's easy," the sheriff announced. "I've got him here! In jail. You see, when a feller wants to have a lady arrested for bigamy—and I know that lady's husband and his whole family—I figure it's a good thing to hold that man until I find out if there's anything wrong about the charges or the man."

Swayne spoke crisply. "I'd like to see him, Sheriff."

"Is that so? I don't hanker after the looks of any of this, and I ain't going to let this baby, Hansen, speak to any of his friends."

Larry stepped forward. "May I speak to Hansen?"

"Sure, Son—sure. You're Tyra's husband."

Larry followed the sheriff.

Sheriff Sam Hardwick returned alone.

"I demand to see that man, Mr. Sheriff," said Swayne.

Hardwick put hands on ample hips and surveyed Swayne disdainfully.

"Listen: you ain't in any position to demand anything."

"I'm going to see a local lawyer—"

"No-o. I reckon you're both goin' to stay right here for a while."

Then the door was flung back and Larry entered the room.

"What about it, Swayne?" he snapped.

"Wh-what about what?"

"You know what I'm talking about."

Larry turned to the sheriff. "What do you think, Hardwick, of three men who will purchase false affidavits charging bigamy to a decent and helpless woman?"

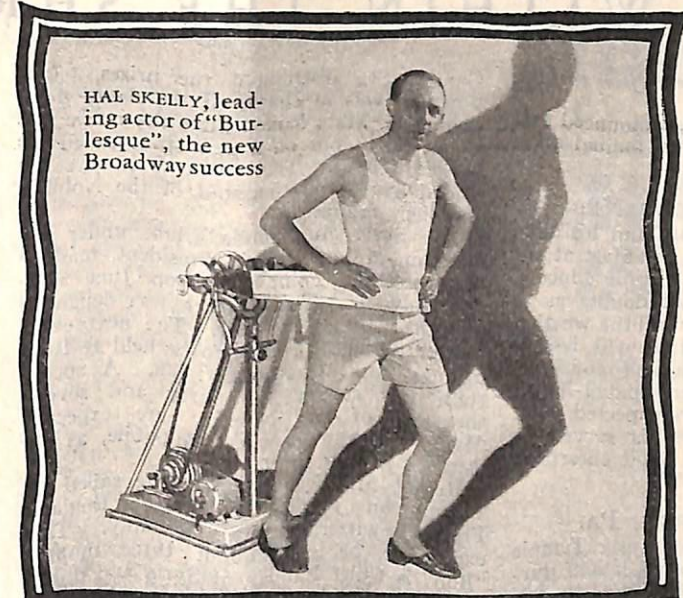
"I'd say," drawled the stout official, "that they came to a right unhealthy spot to try their tricks."

"We did nothing of the kind," gasped Swayne. "If Hansen says so, he's a liar!"

"Well—he didn't. I happen to be stating what I know, that's all. Hansen says that you started something and he's going to carry it through. He swears he's Tyra's husband and he's going to have her arrested for bigamy."

The men from Aragon exchanged frightened glances.

"What about it, Swayne?" questioned Larry. "Your contract isn't going to be worth five cents." [Continued on page 51]



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WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]

Hudson County Shrine Club, announced that the children's party will be an annual affair hereafter.

SESOSTRIS, LINCOLN, NEB.

On June 24th the Potentate and his aides experimented with a sunrise breakfast at the temple's playground to the east of Lincoln. The response swept away all doubts as to its popularity, and hereafter until the weather gets too nippy the innovation will be repeated at least one Sunday in each month.

More than 350 persons participated in the first one, and many more are expected hereafter. The picnic breakfast is served at 6:00 A. M., and the Shrine Band entertains from 7:00 to 8:00 o'clock.

SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The officers and nobility of Syria Temple rested a bit after their strenuous labors during the three ceremonies held June 7th, 8th and 14th, all of which were a pronounced success. Many pleasing letters from the Nobility at New Castle have been received on the Ceremonial at that place on June 14th, and for the wonderful ritualistic performance. The officers of the Scottish Rite Cathedral have written letters of commendation for the care of the building during the Ceremonial and inviting them to return.

The next big event was an annual picnic at Kennywood Park on July 20th. Fred H. Riegelmeier was the chairman, assisted by Harry J. Koehler as vice-chairman, A. K. (Rosey) Rosewell as secretary and Harry J. Vinton as treasurer. William S. Haddock was in charge of the sports and Harry Kramer the feeding of the kiddies. John A.

Ganter, Sr., distributed the prizes. Jack Bowman was in charge of the dance floor, George H. Matz looked after the music and Frank Burry put on a new stunt called the baseball circus. This event is always attended by several thousand of the Nobility and their families.

The Syria Automobile Club, under the direction of Louis Huck, President, made a trip to Cedar Point, Ohio, on June 30th, and July 1st. The weather was delightful and the bathing excellent. The next event will be the annual picnic to be held at Rock Springs Park, Chester, W. Va. A special train will convey the party and several thousand of the Nobility are expected. Many will also go via automobile, as the distance is very short.

Robert M. Weisbrod and wife sailed for Europe on July 9th, to visit England, France, Switzerland and Germany. They expect to be gone about three months. "Bob" is Chief Rabbab of Syria and during his visit abroad will no doubt gather a lot of information that will be of interest to the Nobility during the coming year. A farewell party was tendered to him and his wife on July 4th at the residence of Noble Oakley W. Heselbarth.

Potentate R. A. Daniell, accompanied by his Divan, attended the out door Ceremonial of Boumi Temple, held in the Stadium on June 30th.

WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

Dr. Wesley Tucker Merritt, Potentate of Wahabi, was married on July 12th to Miss Laura Neal Penn, a school teacher. The marriage unites two prominent Central Mississippi families. They left for Detroit, carry-

ing with them the good wishes of 3,000 Nobles and their families. Dr. Merritt attended the national convale of the Knights Templar and then he and his bride went to Canada for a few weeks.

ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.

When Zembo picnics it picnics. The traditional one a Summer carries no zest to Zembo; so it enjoys two. The first one, in June, took place at the upper end of Wildwood Park, on the grounds of the Harrisburg Riding Club. It was for Nobles only. The second one, only recently passed into limbo, was just a big temple family affair, with Hershey Park as the locale.

ZEM ZEM, ERIE, PA.

The Summer Ceremonial was held at Conneaut Lake Park and Potentate Henry Schacht had a good assortment of the unwashed who yearned to be bathed in Zem Zem's cooling zem zem. The Summer Ceremonial is always a bang up affair, and this being the pote's first with himself on the throne, it was given an extra flip. The barbecue and out door sports were an important feature in the pleasures of the day.

ZENOBIAS, TOLEDO, OHIO

The annual Summer picnic for members and their families was held the last week in July in Walbridge Park. It was a most enjoyable occasion, made especially so by the presence in large numbers of the feminine and juvenile Zenobias. Members of the picnic committee were: Nobles Francis E. Palmer, chairman; Harry Covode, Harold Wittman, Morgan Levi, Edward Fox, William J. Smith, Otto Kirchenbauer, Charles R. Parker.

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 40]

uniformed bodies, and a platoon of city police. Following a private entertainment in the afternoon, the party went to the Coliseum in the evening. Noble Jones addressed an audience of 800 Nobles and their families and friends.

The next morning Noble Jones was breakfast host to a large number of Hadi officials, and at the farewell luncheon of the Shrine Booster Club there was an attendance of 300 Shriners, who listened with attention and enthusiasm to the address of the distinguished visitor.

The proposed visit to Sahara Temple in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, was cancelled, and the Imperial Party spent the time in Hot Springs. In Louisville there was an unofficial visit to Kosair Temple on June 22nd. The visitors were met at the station by Potentate Frank E. Johnson and Past Potentate Dennis R. Lindsay. They escorted the Imperial Sir to a meeting of the Red Cross of Constantine, and as the guest of Noble William Campbell, president of the Kentucky and Indiana Terminal Railroad Company.

Noble James H. Price, Imperial Recorder, arrived on Saturday morning, and was escorted to Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital, where he met the Imperial. The latter spent an hour telling stories to the children, and he complimented Kosair and the medical staff for their manner of conducting the institution.

After a short ride through the city parks to the Imperial and Noble Price went to Kosair, where they put in a lot of work on the proceedings of the Imperial Council session in Miami, preparing the data for the printer.

Kosair's executive committee, composed of

the Divan, Representatives to the Imperial Council and past potentates, were dinner hosts that night to Nobles Jones and Price. Because of the annual Masonic St. John's Day celebration it was not possible for Kosair to have a temple meeting or Ceremonial. However, the Imperial Potentate was pleased with the informality away from the spotlight and expressed himself as having greatly enjoyed his visit.

The Imperial Potentate then went to his home in Houston.

On July 11th Noble Jones arrived in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where Irem Temple staged a big Ceremonial in his presence, and that of nine visiting Potentates. A class of 139 Novices went through the mill and came out happy Shriners.

Irem was host to pilgrim Shriners from far and near, including 172 Nobles from 32 other temples. This, and the reception to the Imperial made a very busy day for Potentate Harold N. Rust and his assistants. The all-day program began with a parade at 9:30 A.M. to the station to meet the Imperial party, in which the Band and all uniformed bodies participated, including Irem's special police force. They paraded again in escorting the Imperial and the temple potentates to Irem Temple.

Following a reception at the temple, there was a luncheon for several thousand Shriners at Irem Country Club, with music by the Band and Chanters. The impressive outdoor Ceremonial was shortened somewhat by a thunder shower, as a result of which the Novices found the sands not quite as hot as the spectators had expected them to be! Dinner was also served to the assembled hosts, with an accompanying banquet for

the Imperial Potentate, where 500 Nobles were guests.

In two addresses that day the Imperial Potentate stressed the Order's activities in behalf of crippled children, adding that much remained to be done in spite of the \$1,200,000 a year now contributed. He urged the greatest possible support of this national rehabilitation program.

Potentate Rust then announced that Irem is prepared to offer eight or ten acres of its country club property for a convalescent home for crippled children. He expressed the belief that in time the local temple would work out the financial details for such a unit.

Irem officials also announced the beginning of a campaign to raise \$650,000 to enlarge and improve the Wilkes-Barre Temple. The general chairman will be Noble F. J. Weckesser, with Shelby D. Dimmick of Scranton and Percy A. Brown as vice-chairmen. The executive committee and their workers will canvass the 19 Pennsylvania counties in Irem's jurisdiction for funds.

OSMAN TEMPLE'S GIFT

In an account of the visitation of the Imperial Potentate in the August issue of The Shrine Magazine the gift to him of an iceless refrigerator was credited to Zuhrah of Minneapolis. The presentation instead was made by Osman Temple of St. Paul. The refrigerator was contained in a Seeger cabinet, the manufacturer of which is Walter Seeger, a member of the Divan of Osman Temple.

SEPTEMBER, 1928

MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 49]

Swayne paced heavily up and down the room.

"You want a way out?" asked Larry.

"Yes."

Swayne stopped his heavy walking and faced Larry eagerly.

"The gist of the whole thing is this," said Larry clearly. "It just happens that you know Hansen's bigamy charges are lies! All you have to do is admit that fact and the whole thing falls flat."

"We don't admit any such thing."

"Of course not," pursued Larry smoothly.

"But you can do the next best thing."

"Which is—?"

"Furth Hansen's charges won't hold water for an instant without his proofs—the elaborate set of affidavits that he brought from Sweden. You have those in your possession. If you destroy them, it's a cinch that Hansen won't file any charges."

He stood in the center of the room; a commanding and powerful figure, staring at the two harried men. Tyra had risen and was watching him with wide, fascinated eyes. She saw him as a knight-errant; a heroic, glorious figure who was fighting her battle with unflinching courage, superb daring, and consummate skill.

"You seem to have hit on something," Swayne admitted. He produced the papers from his inside pocket. He motioned Larry to him. "Look them over, Wycoff, will you?"

Larry seated himself and went over the documents with meticulous care. "All okay," he said, rising. "Shall I destroy them?"

"Go ahead."

Deliberately Larry tore them to tiny bits: one by one. Then he took a huge ash tray from the sheriff's desk and built a tiny fire. To the hungry flames he fed scrap after scrap of the damning paper.

He faced the sheriff. "Suppose you let Hansen in here."

Hardwick stumped off. In a few minutes he was back. He opened the door and stood aside.

Furth Hansen's ratlike eyes darted with fear toward Swayne and Pritchard.

"Keep them off me," he whined.

"Who?" asked the sheriff.

"That's all right, Hansen—" Swayne started but Hardwick interrupted.

"You keep your mouth out of this, Swayne." He faced the cowering Hansen.

"Why are you afraid of him?"

"He attacked me this afternoon, and—"

"Why did he attack you? Remember I'm the sheriff of this county and it's my duty to protect folks."

"He—he got sore because I wanted—wanted something."

"What?"

Hansen hesitated, but only for a moment. "Money," he whispered.

"For what?"

Hansen cast a wild glance about.

"You figured, didn't you," questioned the sheriff gently—"that since you were running all the risk in this bigamy fake, you were entitled to more cash? Is that it?"

"No! That is . . ."

The sheriff's eyes were like daggers. "It's your last chance to tell the truth. If you come clean, I promise to let you go."

Hansen trembled with hope. "Your word of honor?"

"Yes."

Swayne uttered a hoarse exclamation, but a single glance from Hardwick silenced him.

"That was it," babbled Furth Hansen. "They were dealing in hundreds of thousands . . . and paying me ten thousand."

"To claim to be Mrs. Wycoff's husband?"

"Yes."

"And you're not?"

"No!"

Hardwick shoved the man aside. Hansen sidled to the door. But Larry stopped him.

"Just a minute," said the young man quietly. "And don't be afraid, Hansen—because I'm not going to hurt you." He faced Swayne and Pritchard. "You fellows are in a pretty nasty mess," he observed easily.

"They are that," agreed the sheriff. "I can see charges of conspiracy—and a few other things. Not to mention the fact that a lady's good name has been involved."

Swayne was livid.

"For God's sake, Wycoff—isn't there some way—"

"Yes," answered Larry coldly. "There is. Give me the copy of Tyra's contract which you have. I'll destroy it—along with my own. Better do it, Swayne. With what has been disclosed in this room, your contract is going to be worth exactly nothing anyway. Any court will annul it."

"Will we be allowed to go free if we do this?"

Larry turned to the sheriff. "How about it, Hardwick?"

"Whatever you say, Son."

Swayne threw out his hands. He produced the contract from his pocket.

Larry compared Swayne's contract with the one he held to make certain that there had been no substitution. Then, very solemnly, he destroyed both.

"Which seems to settle everything. Now I'd suggest that you three fellows get out of town just as quickly as you can," he told them.

Sullenly they edged toward the door. Rufus Swayne glared down at Furth Hansen.

"You filthy rat," he growled. "See what you've done!"

"What did I do?" Hansen whined.

"You tried to double-cross us, and you've played thunder with everything."

"I didn't double-cross you. I swear I didn't, Mr. Swayne."

"Then what—?"

"I didn't do anything. I stayed in my room just like you told me to. This gentleman here—the Sheriff—came to the hotel and arrested me."

"Bah! And I suppose he made you swear out the warrant against Tyra Carlson!"

"I never swore out any warrant against Mrs. Wycoff. The sheriff just brought me down here—"

Swayne turned in fury to the sheriff. "So we've been tricked?" he choked. "There never was any warrant, eh?"

Hardwick's sunny face was wreathed in smiles.

"Sure there was."

"Who swore it out?"

Larry Wycoff stepped forward.

"I swore out that warrant, Swayne," he announced softly.

Swayne's jaw dropped.

"Son," he said—"You can do me a favor. Some day when you've gotten over being sore, I'd like you to come to my office in Hollywood and shake hands. I'd love to be friends with a man who fights like you do."

Tyra and Larry left the Court House like two children. The young man was suffused with a pleasant glow of accomplishment.

Night was approaching. It was a placid, peaceful scene; a scene of wistful attractiveness . . . but the two young persons moving into the dusky archway beneath the barren oaks had eyes only for each other.

They passed beyond the business section, and in the gathering gloom a warm little hand crept into Larry's palm. The color drained from his [Continued on page 52]

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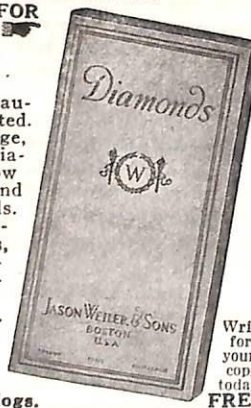
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MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 51]

face and his fingers tightened instinctively. He bit his lip—fearful lest he misinterpret a gesture of thanks into a proclamation of deeper sentiment.

They walked in silence to Larry's home. To Tyra's big eyes there came a picture of the boy Larry romping in the big yard... Queer... he didn't seem much more than a boy now. Yet a few minutes since he had been very much of a man: a man firm and erect and positive—meeting big men on their own ground and beating them.

In those few dramatic minutes she had seen the Larry Wycoff whom she had always believed was there. Nothing negative about him. She felt very humble. She was a mimic—a mere actress—imitating the emotions of others. Here was someone who had emotions of his own; who fought his own battles with unwavering courage. She would have applauded him as heartily in defeat as in victory... yet she gloried in his triumph and felt a great pride that she bore his name.

Dinner was ready when they arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Wycoff looked at the bright faces of their two children... then glanced at one another significantly. They knew that whatever cloud had been hovering over the youngsters was dissipated.

The meal was unusually bright and gay. Tyra and Larry were in a gale of spirits. Yet their laughter and brightness was shot through with a vein of seriousness which the parents did not quite grasp. Mrs. Wycoff—more observant than her husband—found her eyes resting speculatively on the vivid, animated face of her daughter-in-law. It was apparent to her woman's heart that Tyra was making love to Larry: doing it subtly and deliberately. She thought it was very wonderful—a woman married two-thirds of a year extending herself to captivate her husband.

After dinner they sat around and talked in a cozy family way. Then Tyra went to the piano and they all sang.

Tyra and Larry reached their rooms. He smiled down at her and said "Good night." But when he would have gone to his sleeping porch—viciously cold in the freshening wind, she placed a hand on his arm.

"Larry..."

"Yes, Tyra?"

"I have something to tell you, Larry. I want you to believe that if things had not come out this way, I would still have been very proud of you."

He stood looking down at her; his arms hungry to crush her against his breast...

Once more he turned to leave the room. She looked up at him with sudden pain in her fine eyes. Her lips pressed together, her cheeks flamed, and once again she placed her hand on his arm. Her heart was pounding.

"Larry... I want to ask you something."

He caught the serious undertone.

"What is it, Tyra?"

She fought for control, and looked everywhere but into his eyes.

"Are you sorry you married me, Larry?"

"Sorry? What an absurd question." His voice was very gentle. "All my life, Tyra—I will look back on our year together as the greatest happiness that any man could have. I have thought... that is..."

He checked himself with an effort.

"You have thought what, Larry?"

"Nothing..."

"You—you will be glad when the year is ended?"

"No! Of course I won't. I—I better not talk about it."

"Why?"

"Because..." he floundered uncomfort-

ably. "I just reckon I better not, Tyra."

She was trembling. "You make it very difficult for me," she whispered.

"What? What is difficult?"

"To say something... something which I have wanted to say for a very long time."

A sudden fear assailed him. He held her by the shoulders and forced her to look at him.

"Tell me what it is, Tyra."

"You—you cannot guess, Larry?" she asked.

"No. I thought everything was all right."

"Everything is not all right..." She caught her breath, but her eyes did not waver.

"This afternoon, Larry, I admired you for your courage. You were magnificent—because you did something which was fearless and honest. I—am going to be fearless and honest, too, Larry—because there is something I wish you to know."

His hands tightened on her shoulders. He bent closer and his voice was husky—

"What is it?"

Slowly and deliberately she slid within the shelter of his arms.

"Perhaps it will mean nothing to you, my dear," she whispered—"But I shall tell you anyway. Will you put your arms about me?"

She felt herself drawn close against him. Then, summoning every vestige of her fast-

ebbing courage, she said—very, very faintly. "I love you, my Larry!"

For an instant it seemed to the young man that the room rocked and pitched.

He closed his eyes... and as though from a great distance, he again heard her voice:

"I do not ask anything, Larry—except that you shall know. I love you..."

And then it seemed that the breath was being crushed from her slender body. Two

steely arms tightened until she felt an exquisite physical pain, and she heard a hoarse, eager voice—close... so gloriously close...

"Oh! my darling... my darling... I never dreamed... and didn't dare to speak... I love you, my dear."

Frankly and unashamedly, she raised her face to his. He bent until his lips met hers in their first exquisite kiss.

THE END

HEART & HAND HUSBANDS

[Continued from page 17]

If I am not Phoebe Shaw, I am someone else—" she laughed nervously, "and my friends or family will be looking for me. You will find yourself in an ugly scrape if you detain me here against my will."

"De-tain you? My God, lady, you must excuse me easy this time. I ain't detainin' you. Didn't you look me over at the station and compare me with your picture? Didn't you come of yer own free will?"

"I think that in the eyes of the law, I'm not at present to be held responsible for any of my actions. I'm a piece of—of flotsam. Surely, if you are not Jim McAllister, or even if you are he, you have some reason for traveling so fast into such a lonely place and for carrying me away with you so that no-one would be hunting for Jim McAllister. I am going to catch up one of those horses and ride him back to Mist Creek."

"The hosses," said McAllister slowly, "is both turned loose and on their way back to Mist Creek or some familiar range at the present hearin'." While you was a-lyin' here, I druv the wagon up stream a ways and let it go over the bank where it'd break up ag'in a sand-bar."

Said the girl, "So you have a very strong reason, a very strong reason..."

"Not one mite stronger than your reason, lady, fer keepin' yer mouth shut. I am not a-goin' to bother you no more than I can help. You hadn't ought to've been so neat and young and pretty. But, before sun-up, whether I lick the devil or the devil licks me... and it's a-goin' to be a clost fight, lady, I am bein' frank with you, fer the devil's had his way with me a whole lot lately—I am a-goin' to quit this neighborhood."

"To quit...?"

"Yes, ma'am. This ain't the home I'd choose for winter weather. I picked it for a likely hidin' and get-away country. No cozy-corner. So I am a-goin' to light out from it, takin' your five hundred which you won't hev no real use fer, and leavin' you in possession. If 'twas easier, I'd sure kerry you along with me, fer, devil or no devil, I'm urged to see more of you."

A cold wind seemed to be blowing across her body.

He went on. "You got some meat, some meal. Water is handy. You can pick up a plenty of fire-wood hereabouts. But you can't git acrost that stream alive without a hoss. No, lady, you can't. Take my word for it. The road I mean to travel has got to be traveled on a mighty knowledgeable hoss on which is set a man that knows the way. My pony's been a-waitin' fer me just out of nickerin' distance in the willows."

The girl's senses, freed as a child's are from the distractions of a cluttered memory, from the thousand preoccupations, reveries and pictures which the process of involuntary remembering involves, were abnormally acute.

While he spoke, painting unbearable pictures of horror, she had heard a footstep coming stealthily across the hard dry ground. So she sat there listening to him, watching him, but listening too to the intermittent footstep.

Then behind McAllister's back for a second, close to the dusty window, she saw a face.

In spite of her control her eyes betrayed her. McAllister wheeled, cursing. But the pane was blank.

"What you see there? What you see?"

His fingers were playing with the gun. His eyes blazed and turned about.

"Nothing," she answered. "Your shadow."

He hung, suspicious, shifting his gun in scared uncertain fingers.

The girl stood up. "I'm starving. Let's get supper. No use in us quarreling. We're here now. Let's make the best of it. If you will take down the meat and cut a slice..."

He turned uncertainly toward the dangling

joint and the door crashed open wide. McAllister seemed to fire instantly.

Phoebe, deafened by the exchange of shots, found herself in the far corner of the room, clutching with both hands backward at the logs, smelling powder and staring into the face of a man that had come in. McAllister too had sought the wall opposite to her, was stretched up flat against it, with his hands above his head. A little blood ran from his right wrist and his pistol lay on the floor.

The newcomer, watching him with all his eyes, stepped gingerly forward, picked up and pocketed the weapon.

"Claire," he said softly as he did this, without looking away from the dangerous prisoner.

The girl's throat was dry and tight—so tender and so urgent had been that unknown name upon his unknown tongue. "Claire, darling. How in God's name did you get here? Why didn't you wait for me?"

Against the wall, the child of Leo—or was it Capricorn?—laughed.

"She don't answer to the name, mister. That there lady is named Phoebe Shaw."

She could see the anguish of self-control with which the stranger prevented himself from wheeling away from his prisoner toward her.

"Get over yonder," he commanded, "the sheriff and Phoebe Shaw are on their way here after me and I'm going to hold you until they get here... if it takes all night. But step over there where I can see you two at once. Step quickly. Keep your hands up."

"You don't need to be so dern keerful, feller, you've drew my sting. But I'd sure like you to explain yourself. I'm Jim McAllister."

"When I first saw you through the window five minutes ago I thought you were his ghost. But you're not Jim. Jim was found dead in my dry well today. He was a tight-fisted, sour-hearted sonofagun but he had a better eye than you have. You're his brother Hank. I heard him call you that last night. 'Come in here, Brother Hank,' he said. I could hear you from my neighboring homestead half the night, quarreling. It ended some time after I had got to sleep... ended suddenly. And before day you carried Jim's body across my fence and field and threw it down the dry well I dug last Spring. You killed him with his poker and wiped the end of it off with a piece of paper torn from a letter he had got from Phoebe Shaw."

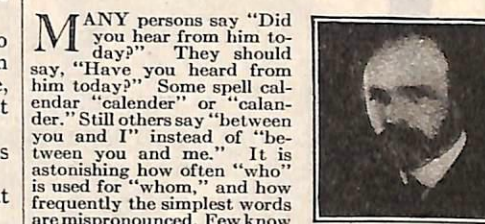
"You drove off wearing Jim's hat and mackinaw, in Jim's wagon with Jim's team. I saw you go and I surely thought it was him. I knew he was going to meet a Heart and Hand lady. Later this morning, however, in drove a Ford car to McAllister's place and a lady got out. She found a notice pinned up on Jim's door: 'Have gone. Won't be back until Spring,' but she broke in and began to call and to search and off she went presently at top speed to Mist Creek to get the sheriff. They returned together, found your tracks, (and unluckily your boot's the same size and shape as mine), and got to McAllister's body in my well. Jim and I, the sheriff knows, have had trouble. He wasn't a pleasant neighbor. I was arrested on a charge of manslaughter." The speaker was not looking at the pale attentive girl, he breathed hard and brokenly, his color changing.

"Now you know, Claire, why I couldn't get to the station to meet you." His tone was soft and shaken, falling like music upon the harshness of his accusation of the man.

"But I couldn't bear that some stranger should go to the station and tell you... this. I got away. The sheriff is a friend of mine and he... well, he trusted me too far, I reckon. And, when he shot after me, the bullet went wide. [Continued on page 54]

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HEART & HAND HUSBANDS

[Continued from page 53]

I found no-one at the station but I saw Jim's wagon-tracks . . . Claire, won't you speak to me?"

With all her eyes she searched this man, young, slim and grim, in riding clothes wet from the river, hatless, disheveled by hard travel and the struggle he had made to get away. His face, brown and rugged, with good eyes, with a mouth more than good; sensitive, resolute, courageous, young. The woman, robbed of her memory, searched the face, felt for the mind, the soul behind it.

"Am I Claire?" she said.

There was an icy silence. Against the wall, the prisoner drily laughed.

"She don't know herself, stranger, let alone you. She'd swear that I was Jim McAllister, wouldn't you, sweetness? Her and me have been heart-and-hand now together since afternoon. She's got a purse marked Phoebe Shaw. Say, Phoebe, you don't know this interruptin', chatterin', shootin' sonof-a-gun, now, do you?"

Chuckling, he watched his captor's tortured face for an instant of relaxation, of forgetfulness, watched narrowly, hopefully, since, indeed, under the shock, the young man's face was drained of its courageous blood.

"Claire, what's wrong with you? Why did you come here with this man? Tell me quickly who I am."

"I don't know."

"She's lost her mind, Jamieson, she's gone plum looney. There was an accident on the railroad . . ."

"Kurt, look out!" she cried.

Too late. The gun was struck from Kurt's hand, the light was knocked out and in the dark, smothered place, the woman listened to desperate movements.

"You shan't get away . . ." Kurt panted . . . "I'll hold you for the sheriff if the two of us are dead."

It was upon this murky and murderous confusion that a loud nasal female voice, drawing nearer was heard to lift itself fluently.

" . . . and if I says to the home folks once, I says a hundred times, 'if the man don't measure up to Cos Co standards . . .'"

The door swung in and the narrow radiance of an electric torch blinded Claire for an instant.

"I am lookin' for my fi-ancay's murderer," the nasal woman began . . .

"Kurt Jamieson," announced a deep authoritative voice from the unseen holder of the torch and of a gun partially visible, "I see you hev run down yer man. Well, sir, I hev run you and him down. Stand up, the two of you, and let me come at the rights of this here situation. Lady, one of you two ladies, please to strike a light."

Claire did this and by the relighted candle were then revealed Kurt, torn, bloody and desperate, McAllister, as torn, as bloody, and more desperate, the sheriff, grizzled, tired and anxious, two other younger men behind him, and a stout woman in tight clothes who darted immediately up to Claire, kissed her noisily and changed the key of her perpetual monologue to whining tenderness. "Whoever you may be, girlie, you are a woman and you'll understand better than these men the natural feelin's of a woman when she come to that place and found the murdered body of her fi-ancay. But, look here . . ." with change of timber as from trumpet to jew-harp, "YOU GOT MY PURSE AND HAT, YOU HUSSY!"

"Shut up, missus, I ask you kindly," said the sheriff.

"I do not choose to shut up kindly, Mr. Sheriff, until I have collected my missing property and have searched this man here for my letter which lacks a torn-off corner and which corner I have now here in my immediate possession."

"I have that letter," said Claire, quietly.

Phoebe Shaw snatched it from the girl's shaking hand, caught up her purse, and counted out her five hundred dollar bills painstakingly aloud. Then, on the table near the candle, she fitted triumphantly together the two bits of circumstantial evidence.

"Where'd you get the torn letter, lady?" asked the sheriff.

Claire answered wearily, "That man gave it to me. He passed himself off at the Mist Creek station as Jim McAllister and I . . ."

"Yes, ma'am. And you?"

"Don't you question her now, Tom," young Jamieson pleaded hoarsely, "she's sick. She's hurt. She got hit, or shocked somehow, in the train-accident out near Lakeside today. The poor child, she don't know who or where she is. For God's sake . . . she's my wife, she's Claire. I can prove it to you. I've been waiting for her, as you know, just got my house fixed up for her . . ."

"Is that the truth, boy? Well, sir, it's sure tough, Kurt. Yes, sir. It looks to me like we got a clear case ag'in' this feller you run to earth here. He's got Jim's mackinaw coat and his gun, he took Jim's team and wagon and this here bit of paper what the missus fetched with her . . . well, sir, it fits into Jim's letter which he used for to entice and kerry off this here lady."

"Now, Mrs. Jamieson, you be easy, quit yer shakin'. You're all wore out. You needs a doc, a good quiet rest in bed, a good drink, and the soothin' care of yer husband here . . . and I aim to see that you gets all three of 'em in short order. I believe, boys, that we better wait here till mornin' afore we try that ford ag'in'."

There fell a curious lull as though a wind had died.

Sighing, the sheriff continued, "Before we make ourselves a little mite more comfortable for the night, I am goin' to leave you in here a few minutes with your wife, Kurt. Maybe some quiet reassurin' words from you will kinder restore her like. Seems anyway that you and she had ought to have some explanations, come to some sort of understandin' as to what you are a-goin' to do, since, though you say she's lost her recollection, her wits seems to be, generally speakin', all right. Will you take the other prisoner and step outside, boys, for a few moments? I'll corral this other missus . . ."

Kurt, leaning against the wall, his head bent, looked up gratefully.

Even when the girl was left alone with him, though he moved toward her, awkward in his bonds, he found no words for the pain, the yearning and confusion that possessed him. It was she who came close, put her arms about him and dropped her head against his breast.

He gave a sob of relief, of happiness. "Claire, you do . . . you do . . . remember . . . it's come back."

"Kurt Jamieson," said the girl's brave voice, "I believe that I am Claire, because you tell me so. But I do not remember you . . . nor myself. I don't know who I am nor who you are . . . but . . . I do know that you are the only person in the world that can bring back what I have lost." She looked up straight and clear into his eyes. "Will you take me, as I am?"

He nodded, trying to put his prisoned arm about her.

"Then, why should I not be as brave as Phoebe Shaw? I, Claire, take you, Kurt, to be my Heart-and-Hand husband, for I know, not by memory but by something much deeper and much more to be trusted than mere memory, I know . . . that you are the only man that I have ever loved."

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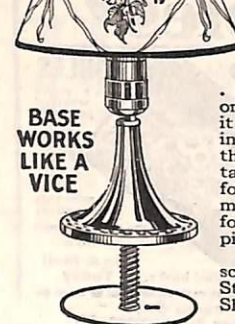
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FANFARRONADA [Continued from page 57]

getting really started the officer on the bridge sings down the speaking tube to the second in command: "It looks from here as though the island is on fire."

We busted up the ladder, hell-bent for the deck, leaving Romarico all alone with his grief, and sure enough there were flames licking up the palm thatching of a couple of the houses. Then some more houses caught and that island began to burn like a torch. I made a jump for the launch and the crew cleared away the other boats. The boy at the searchlight swept the whole waterfront and we could see the Indians piling stuff into *cayucas*.

I came up on the windward side and loaded Sara and Jerry in the launch. They said that one of the *bombas* had started it and that all the Indians had plenty of time to clear out, taking their household valuables with them. We floated between the island and the destroyer, surrounded by *cayucas* filled with Indians. Do you think they cared about the island burning up? Not a hoot! It was just part of the show. And a few hours before they'd been willing to lay down their lives to keep the Spigs from doing the exact same thing. That's pride for you! They knew they could rebuild the place in a month and have a fine party doing it.

"Look here, Brand," says Jerry finally, "if you can bring Romarico to terms—exonerate Miss Reddick from all charges and make him promise not to molest these Indians—I'll capture his crazy army for him and save him from disgrace."

Sara grabbed his hand and squeezed it. "You're a peach!" she says and she told him she was sorry for the way she acted that morning.

We headed for the destroyer. Jerry went down in the wardroom first to tell the officers to make themselves fit for a lady to see. Jerry came up to get us and we went down to the wardroom, where I gave Romarico a long spiel, pointing out what sort of a reception he was going to get when he landed home, not to mention some of the details I was going to tell Riquelme. Well, sir, that man just shrunk by the second. Then I wound up, after painting a scene of black disgrace and scorn, with Jerry's proposal.

For a second Romarico looked stunned; then if I didn't think he was going to kiss me! He was just ripe to sign anything that would save his face. We put it all down in black and white, and he signed it. The officers and I witnessed it and Jerry slapped on an official looking rubber stamp.

Well, by that time it was getting pretty late and Jerry said he was going to take Sara back to the plantation. It was daylight by the time he got back, having taken two hours to make a thirty minute trip. He just looked at me and smiled when he came up the bridge; then he gave orders and we pulled up anchor and got under way.

When we got clear of the islands Jerry and I went below to catch us some coffee. The destroyer was clicking off her thirty-six knots and acting as if she was trying to turn herself wrong side out. Romarico was out on deck looking for his army.

"Brand," says Jerry finally, "this ship is overdue for the drydock and I'm overdue for my leave. When I get it I'm coming back here and visit the Reddicks."

"I'm not surprised," I told him.

He thought that over and then he said: "Would you be surprised to hear that I'm head over heels in love with Sara?"

"Nope! Not a bit!" said I.

"Perhaps you'd be surprised to hear that she thinks maybe I've got a chance."

I shook my head.

"Well," says Jerry, "I don't care whether you're surprised or not, but that's the truth of the matter and none of your *fanfarronada* about it, either! Why—God-love-us-and-save-us-said-old-lady-Davis—I didn't think there was such a girl left in the world!"

Elmer Brand's hands smacked together and his anguished cry of "Boy! Boy!" woke the negro, asleep on his feet at the other end of the verandah.

"Did Romarico return home with his army?" I asked.

"Not exactly," said Brand. "We came alongside the *Estrella* after a while and signaled to her to stop. Jerry had a gun crew on deck, so the Spigs could see the business ends of a couple o' four-inch guns, and they stopped right enough. Then Romarico went aboard while we stood by. We could see him telling his army what he thought of them, and then pretty soon the army gives a shout and a *viva*. After about ten minutes Romarico comes back aboard the destroyer and we head for home with the *Estrella* tagging us, so he got there before the army and staged a big celebration for them."

"He let out the news that he sneaked ashore to the island and set fire to the place himself! Can you beat that? He was the big hero of the war. But it was all right with me because I can show him up whenever he gets troublesome. Where is that boy?"

"He's coming," I said. "And how about Sara and Jerry?"

"Oh, they got married. I was the best man. And what do you think?"

"You tell me."

"About two months ago I get an invitation to a christening, and be danged if they haven't gone and named the kid Elmer Brand Thorn."

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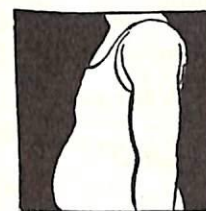
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If you are sincere in your desire to take inches off your waist measurement and pounds off your weight you won't hesitate to accept the opportunity we now offer you. If excess fat meant only an unattractive appearance one could perhaps afford to take the matter lightly. But every thinking man knows that excess fat is an **actual menace to health**. Constipation, lassitude, that "fagged-out" feeling after the slightest exertion, shortness of breath, sluggish circulation and many kindred ills—are all too often directly traceable to **overweight**. To close your eyes to the seriousness of such a condition is bad enough. To ignore a sure and simple means of correcting it is worse.

Make This Test

We want an opportunity to prove to you that Director will accomplish wonders in reducing your weight and waist measurement. So we ask permission to send you a Director for one week's free trial. Note how this remarkable belt produces an instant **improvement in your appearance** the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape. See how naturally and comfortably you attain a more erect carriage and enjoy a new feeling of ease and comfort and lightness when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.



Don't continue to look this way

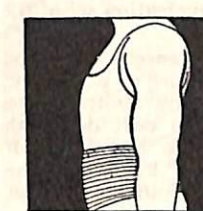
Fat Disappears

You'll enjoy the big improvement in your appearance that Director gives you. You'll enjoy the new feeling of renewed life and vitality it brings. But best of all you'll enjoy the knowledge that **excess fat is surely disappearing** every moment your Director is on. Temporary relief is one thing. A **permanent reduction** of fat and waist measurement is another. Director gives you both. For Director actually **dissolves excess fat away**.

How Director Works

With every movement of your body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure on the abdominal fat. Every time you take a step—every time you stand or sit down—

every time you bend or twist or lean over



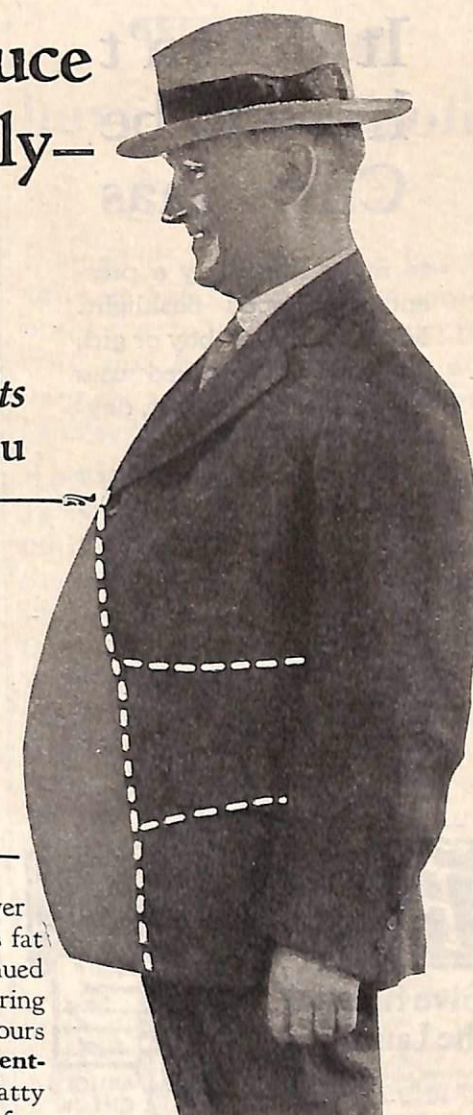
The "Director" will give you a waistline like this

—Director massages fat away. This continued kneading motion during all your waking hours **quickly and permanently** dissolves excess fatty deposits. Within a few weeks or months—the time required depending on the extent to which you are now overburdened with fat)—Director has accomplished a permanent reduction in a **natural way** without the slightest effort on your part. The strain and tension of excess fat on abdominal muscles is gone.

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We have tried to give you some idea of what Director is and how it is guaranteed to reduce excess fat. But nothing we can say will be half so convincing as an **actual test**. So we invite a test on this basis. Use the coupon and send today for trial offer and directions for measuring. Wear Director for one week. Then, if you don't agree with each and every statement we have made herein, simply return the belt and we will refund your money promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. We can think of no more fair or liberal offer than this. In fairness to yourself please make this test. Fill in and mail the coupon now.

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AS A MAN EATS

[Continued from page 29]

arrived in Edson. Stabling his horses there he repaired to the bar of the Edson House and bought four or five treatments of a sovereign tonsil remedy. Not that he suffered any complication of the tonsils but it had been a long cold ride and Sam felt in the mood for preparedness. He repeatedly commented on the possibility of the return trip being even colder, and in the end bought two gallons of the remedy to take back with him.

On the evening of the seventh day Joe Hatch had broken all known records for wood-and-water carrying, plain and fancy or long distance.

"Good night, Miz Pearson!" Joe had remarked on a previous evening. And she, poor thing, had practically simpered at him; "Oh, I just can't bear to have you calling me that! It sounds so formal between us, don't it? I have a name of my own you know. It's Elizabeth, only that's too terribly long too, isn't it? Call me Betty if you like; everyone does."

"Sure," Joe Hatch responded. "Betty! G'night, Betty!"

This was only by way of stroking Joe's fur and bringing him to purring complacency. For public advice and action she had played a small trump. The east-end stage driver, a loutish individual of little repute, and that little bad, had yoo-hoed offensively at her on learning of her temporary status. Later she encountered him at closer range and on his presuming to greet her, turned him to a palsied wreck with a prolonged and scornful stare. Then she made an item of holding an amiable conversation with Joe Hatch in the driver's sight.

The point of her preference thus being made clear to him and the driver not caring to relieve his resentment by twitting Joe Hatch, he returned eastward next day with a burning in his spleen. To the driver of the turn below him on the Edson side he peddled an earful of the scandalous doings at Big Smoky.

On the twelfth day after his departure, Mr. Pearson had reached the stopping-house at Baptiste River with his boiler. It was here that he heard—from the stage-driver—the first disturbing news of his wife and young Joe Hatch.

Along with incidentally making a furred jackass of Joe Hatch, the Pearson woman had been actively promoting her real interest of bringing her complacent husband to attention. It was meant that he should be considerably perturbed and apprehensive on his return from the boiler-fetching journey. To this end she had chosen three special messengers to bear him tidings of calamity.

First was Athabasca Red, who, having been inadvertently brained by Joe Hatch on a previous occasion, stood as second-best bad man along the Edson Trail. Him she allowed to gather the impression that she was greatly desired of Joe Hatch and only the fact of her having a husband kept them as two rather than one. And Red promptly lammed his bulls on down the trail with the intention of running this husband out of the country, thinking to gain favor in the eyes of Joe.

Next was a male spinster named Potter; a sanctimonious creature from somewhere in the Beaver Lodge country; one who shunned evil with outcry and stutterings of horror. Though already privy to the scandal, he was permitted sight of the abandoned woman openly riding away from the premises with Joe Hatch one afternoon and sharing the doubtful intimacy of a sled's front bolster with him.

He pushed right on, though it was late, and he drove like a fiend thereafter for Duty's own dear sake. Somebody must warn the absent husband.

The middle-aged Mrs. Peebles was not at worst an unkindly soul. But being the only unattached and presumably eligible white female to hold down a homestead in that warren of foot-loose males, had made her to lean slightly backward in sustaining the appearance of discretion. And a snowballing fight between the Pearson woman and Joe Hatch smacked of lightness to her thinking. Maybe she'd say a word to the husband when she met him.

The bread-crumbs of mischief having been thus painstakingly cast upon the waters by Mrs. Pearson, a wait of six brief days ensued. And at the end of that time a gratifying crop of chickens came home to roost. Sam Pearson himself comprised this crop, in fact, and he arrived unnoticed by the staff of Ross' stopping-house since supper was in progress.

The detached cabin was lighted when he strode in at the door; lighted and warm, but not at the moment occupied by his wife. Conspicuously pinned over the water bucket was a sheet of note paper bearing a penciled message. Sam took it and heaved across to the light and read:

"Joe: I can't let you come over tonight. Not so late anyhow. Somebody might come home—"

"Betty."

Who in thunder was Joe, he wondered. His name was Sam and he didn't know any Betty, off-hand. That was Liz's writing though! Sure! Betty! Why, certainly; that was Liz herself—a letter from Liz! Joe? Who's ziss Joe, uh?

It was here that Elizabeth Pearson entered the cabin.

"Wha' ziss here mean?" he demanded thickly.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she flung at him. "You think a woman's same as a horse or old saw-mill! You didn't expect other men—Sam!"

If the purpose of this fictitious message had been to kindle to flame the dead coals of Sam's ardor, it succeeded splendidly.

Joe Hatch finished his supper and guessed he would slip over and see did Miz Pearson have wood enough for the night. Thirty seconds later he burst into the kitchen again, wild-eyed with alarm. "Where's m' gun?" he cried to the cook.

"I dunno!" said the cook. "It's around 'ere som'eres. I'll find it in th' mornin'."

"Well git outa my way then! I'll go take a pitchfork to th' cussed wife-beatin' houn'!"

But the cook held his place at the door. "You ain't! You're goin' to stay right 'ere."

It 'urts me to s'y it, Joey, worse'n wot it does you; but I'll 'ave to smack you wiv th' flat of vis cleaver if you ain't reas'nable abaht it. Gawd 'elp me, I will!"

"Why-you dern yaller coward!" Joe upbraided his friend. "Holdin' me here an' him over there whuppin' 'at pore—"

"I know it, Joey," admitted the cook. "It looks scummy of me; I realize that! But ole Pearson ain't struck me as a bad bloke."

Directly after breakfast next morning Alexander Ross suggested to Joe that, unless he felt too seriously indisposed, it would be desirable for him to do some heavy hay-hauling that day. It was all right with Joe; nothing mattered any more in fact. He was relieved at having an excuse for absenting himself so that he might avoid meeting the poor woman face to face.

The hay meadow was an expanse of natural slough or swamp, heavily bordered with the jungly scrub growth of poplar and willow clusters common to the region. Joe stopped his team at the first stack of hay, a matter of two rods from the boundary and prepared to earn his money. He turned to take up his pitchfork and his heart missed three hurried beats. There, on the rear of the sleigh-rack,

stood the formidable Mr. Samuel Pearson!

He was looking very red-eyed and decisive this morning, was Sam, and he had Joe Hatch covered with a breech-loading double-barreled, scatter-gun! Joe's first startled glimpse revealed its hammers evilly withdrawn as though waiting the signal for destruction. Which they were. And most naturally of all Joe noted the projecting muzzles of the thing a scant yard away from his middle. One of the twin openings was bunged with a roll of white paper that protruded from its end.

"Take it!" Pearson commanded and wagged the gun barrel slightly. Joe obliged by gingerly extracting the roll. "Now read it!" he was next ordered. Joe read. It is understood what he read; this was the Betty-to-Joe message that had caused Sam such anguish of spirit on the previous evening.

"What about it?" he began to Joe. "Stead of findin' my wife when I got home, I found this. You're Joe, an' she's Betty! Least she calls herself that. Now come clean! I been hearin' talk and hints all the way in, so I'm goin' to have it straight f'r once. You're goin' to talk, though, else I'm goin' to shoot you! An' if that paper means what it looks like it means, I'm goin' to shoot you anyway, you home-wrecker! Then I'm going back an' shoot Liz, an' if I c'n find any more shells for this gun, I'm goin' to shoot myself. Now talk!"

Joe had attended closely during this speech and was instantly ready to believe every word of it. And it required no seer's gift to undersand that Sam was primed to go through with his program. Even Joe could see that. He wetted his lips and talked.

The cook was preoccupied with swabbing down the breakfast dishes when Joe entered the kitchen carrying the shot-gun two hours later. This robbed the entry of much of its effect, but by placing the gun on the table, Joe brought the cook's attention to it.

"S 'at bloomin' think loaded?" he asked. "Sure is!"

"Stow it aft som'eres, then. I mistrusts all 'em gadgets an' things. Where'd you git 'old of th' gun, Joe?"

Joe had been waiting for this. "I took it off your friend Pearson, that's where! Fine capers he cut; pullin' a shot-gun an' threatenin' to shoot me!"

"W'y Joey, not ser'ous! —An' w'y didn't 'e?"

"I didn't let him!" Joe declared. "He was plenty serious about it, though. Some fool had told him that I kinda got thick with his wife, or something. Wrote him a onimous letter about it I reckon."

"But wot kep' 'im from blastin' you, though?" the cook persisted.

"Cause he was too yaller scared to!" Joe declared. "Course I explained to him, a little. But the minute I stood up to him, he wilted. I simply eyed him down, that's all!"

"Gord!" said the cook. "'At were nervy of you, Joe!"

"Huh! Least it ought to learn some people better'n to go hornin' into my business. An' when I set out to stop somebody from abusin' his wife after this, I don't want to hear no lip from you, neither. You been a big disappointment to me, cook. I'm willin' to overlook it this time, but I'm atellin' you. You an' your hearty eater! Pity you wouldn't learn somethin' about th' power of th' human eye once, 'stead of puttin' all your judgment on appetites!"

Joe left the presumably discomfited cook and went for another load of hay. He reckoned the outcome of this particular fracas had surprised everybody. The fact was that Joe himself had been somewhat surprised at it. Generally when a man came at you with a shot-gun, raving that you was on his list to get killed, it took something more than just talk to stop him. Joe guessed that his character was even more

intrepid and resolute than he had imagined. Why, this Pearson had got nervous and fidgety even before Joe finished explaining his innocence. After that, of course, it was a simple matter to get the gun off him.

At the point where his sled tracks entered the meadow, Joe stopped his team to reconstruct the incident again in memory. Just there by the stack he had stopped and discovered Sam Pearson. Standing so, Pearson was, on the back of the sled with his shot-gun held in such wise. Joe crouched in the pose for a moment. And himself, standing thus in defiance. No, with arms folded expressively across his chest. That was better! This was the scene; here he had discovered a measure of his indomitable personal power.

But what was this? The tracks of a man leading toward that clump of willow? Joe tied his reins and jumped down to examine, disturbed beyond all reason. Somebody had been snooping about the scene just recently. There were his tracks in the knee-depth of light dry snow; he had visited the willow cluster and returned to the trail of the sleigh again.

Joe was natively skilled in woodcraft; he could read signs and draw deductions with the best of them. He stepped where the other had, and came to the willow cluster. Here! Fell down here? No. Kneeled down first and then flattened himself full length in the snow. There were the deep imprints of his knees and elbows beneath the outline of a body. Short, and of a tolerable plumpness. A man certainly.

It would pay to get to the motive of this. Joe dropped to his knees as the other had done; stretched himself over the same outline with his elbows resting in holes obviously made by other elbows and his forearms and hands similarly disposed. But why? Joe looked beyond his extended arms and there was the hay-stack, thirty feet away, where he had earlier provided the soft answers for turning away Sam Pearson's wrath.

Joe looked at his hands again; before the left one a long narrow depression showed in the snow. Such a smoothly rounded depression as a finger might make, except that fingers are not often twelve inches in length. The right hand had held a different object; the mark here was a thin, deep slice cut in the snow. Joe studied them intently for a time and looked again toward the hay-stack. He recalled that Pearson had stood on the sleigh-rack so that he faced Joe and, beyond him, this person who had previously lain there. It was enough. Too much, in fact! Joe raised himself to his feet and sighed.

This other man had been the cook! The cook, prostrating himself in the snow and under partial cover of the willows, had been more than witness to Joe's dramatic scene. He had silently menaced and instilled the fear of God in Samuel Pearson from a distance of thirty feet. And the cook, Joe realized, had been fully armed for the occasion; that left-hand mark was where the barrel of old Bets had rested. Betsy, Joe's personal hoss-pistol, had covered his adversary—in the cook's left hand, from his mistrust of gadgets, while his right had clutched the more persuasive cleaver. No wonder Sam had wilted.

Joe looked about him then and gave forth another sigh. Not for the bright page thus rudely torn from his book of experience did Joe sigh. He was wondering how to square himself with the cook.

"'Ere's somethin' I fink you'll like, Joey," the cook remarked across the dinner table. "A dish of meat pie; I cooked it purpose. 'Elp yourself!"

Joe stared dumbly at the delectable pastry countenance of the pie and felt that the cook was making it hard for him. Busting his heart with kindness really; if only the man would be [Continued on page 62]

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AS A MAN EATS

(Continued from page 61)

generous enough to insult him and so let him acquire face again! Of course he could eat, though that was no penance. He cut deep into the pie with a spoon.

"Ow is it, Joe?" asked the cook. "Is it fitten or wot?"

"I never tasted its equal," said Joe. "What-all's in it?"

The cook laughed. "I'm ala's forgettin' abaht somethink! 'Ere I've cooked tons of 'em, time I was aboard a coaster down Australy way. Shipped 'em in ever' lot of stores we took."

Joe Hatch had stopped eating. "What," he inquired, "d'you mean?"

"Rabbits!" said the cook. "Rabbits. On'y we called 'em 'ares down under. 'At's 'ow come I forgot all abaht 'em."

Something portentous was threatening in

the region of Joe's solar plexus. He clutched knife and fork in either hand and stared down at his plate with horror. Positively, he could not eat rabbit. Or having eaten it, could not keep—what was that wisp clinging to a sliver of meat? Not—it was fur!

A fearsome struggle raged inside Joe Hatch; his flesh and spirit being the contending forces. The cook peered across at him apprehensively. "S matter, Joey? Ain't it—?" He raised himself the better to search out the cause of Joe's anguish; in another moment he would discover it. But the spirit triumphed. By a monstrous effort of will, Joe's fork was made to include the disastrous wad of fur in a load which he raised to his mouth and swallowed. "It's grand!" he declared to the cook.

THE BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT MATRIMONY

(Continued from page 20)

men the data I had gathered on the subject.

Now the opinions of business men are sought on almost everything because the world as we know it is built on trade.

Matrimony and business give us our civilization—and matrimony and business are inseparable. But, strangely enough, most business men do not like to be quoted on marriage. They appear to be inhibited by delicacy. So I'm going to offer a composite interview. Let me credit it to Robert Brown. Robert is not the man's real Christian appellation, but Robert is a good specimen of one who has mingled variously with the commercial world. He knows much about failure and success. He also knows a great deal about matrimony. He has been married many years.

"Taking it by and large," he says, "I'm not surprised that there are fifteen percent as many divorces as there are marriages. It's easier in most states to get a marriage license than a dog license. And on the basis of emotional adjustments, I don't wonder that so many married partners go into bankruptcy. "My guess, from a good deal of observation among friends and employees of both sexes, is that about fifty-five percent of married couples enter into marriage contracts through a racial sense of responsibility. The man, in each case, is young and healthy and doesn't want to loaf along not doing his bit for anyone but himself. He thinks he ought to be working for a woman, children and posterity. Maybe he doesn't figure it that way, but subconsciously that is what drives him to matrimony while the woman wants a home and children.

"Another twenty-five percent have no real belief that they can better themselves by marrying, they just drift into it.

"Then there are five percent who are perfectly adjusted in every way, and dynamite cannot blast them apart. This five percent never thinks of separation. But in all these cases there is the question of individual temperament.

"One person may be emotionally over-
engined; another may be what we call a normal being, emotionally; another may be cold and sub-normal, while still another may be distinctly psychopathic, to use a rather vague and scientific word. Now, under our present lack of system, any two of the types can marry—and they do by millions. Do you wonder there's so much breaking of the marriage vows?

"Much of the trouble starts before the marriage. That's also true of business partnerships. But there is a vast difference in the

beginning—for most marriages are based on sentiment instead of common sense and a complete understanding. During thirty years of business life I have seen a hundred partnerships formed among my friends and associates and in almost every case the prospective partners have done their heavy talking before they've put their names to partnership papers.

"I know it is the layman's custom to kid the business conference. But I'm here to tell you that there are fewer business failures because every possible angle of an association is argued out before anyone signs a contract. How vastly more important this method of approach would be to a man and woman forming a life-long company.

"But we will assume that the corporation, whether of business or matrimony, has been formed.

"How is it working?
"For first analysis, let's look at the census of commercial failure. You will find that Bradstreet's has analyzed them carefully, and that more than 80% of them are due to faults of individuals.

"For example, during 1927, 34.5% were chargeable to incompetence irrespective of other causes; 5.2% to inexperience, without incompetence; 34.9% to lack of capital; 1.4% to granting unwise credits; 3% to speculation outside of regular business; 1.1% to neglect of business because of doubtful habits; .5% to personal extravagance and 3.6% to fraudulent disposition of property.

"All other commercial deaths were due to floods, winds, wars, keen competition or the failures of debtors.

"Now let's take a look at matrimony. The five great causes of the 170,000 or more divorces granted in our country in 1925 were, according to the census bureau, adultery, which accounted for 10.6%; cruelty, 43.4%; desertion, 34.7%; drunkenness, 2% and neglect to provide, 7.3%. But as Dr. Katherine Bement Davis has pointed out, the real reasons back of divorce cases seldom come out in evidence.

"Successful partners must play the game. They must give and take to keep the business going. The partnership or corporation must be dominant. The individual is submerged.

"Now, since business failures do not increase, proportionally, from year to year while divorces in the last few years have been increasing rapidly, in proportion to increase in our population, why not apply business rules to matrimony? Oh, yes. I know that young and old couples are inspired by a tender, beautiful sentiment. That should not

and need not be taken away from them. But no one can live on sentiment unless someone else pays all the bills. And right at this juncture let me say that no red-blooded, self-respecting husband, wife or mother wants to start out in married life as a pensioner. So let's compare the newly wedded Frank and Anna White with Smith & Jones the drygoods merchants.

"Each has a certain amount of capital which must be managed carefully. Each firm may be handicapped by natural incompetence since the human equation enters into everything. Each firm (firm and partnership are interchangeable) is facing inexperience. In these things they have an even start. Then comes the matter of unwise credit. Frank and Anna lend some of their slender savings to non-paying friends; Smith & Jones grant credit to doubtful customers. Frank and Anna play the races; Smith & Jones take a flier in Wall street. Frank and Anna get the night club habit while Smith & Jones do entirely too much customer entertaining.

"Things go from bad to worse with the erst-while happy couple and with the new and hopeful drygoods firm.

"But Smith & Jones are pulled up in time by the safeguards which surround each normal business. The drygoods merchants have a bookkeeper who keeps track of receipts and expenditures. A monthly balance sheet can be consulted and danger signals discovered there. Moreover, if the partners are not watching tendencies they have a guardian in their bank where they deposit sums of money and from which they borrow, either by putting up securities or exhibiting the debit and credit balance sheet. With bank and bookkeeper watching their private lives and business methods, and with every department budgeted, they are generally forced to play safe, and hence they forestall failure.

"Frank and Anna have not budgeted. They have only a casual acquaintance with their bank, so when disaster approaches them they dissolve partnership. There was no one to help them sidestep failure."

After drawing this parallel between marital and drygoods partnerships Robert Brown, composite business man, leaned back and re-lighted his cigar. His colleagues nodded approvingly.

"I get your idea," I admitted, "but I doubt if the marriage institution will accept sufficient discipline to change the social situation materially. Many a family budgets, now. Many a bank acts as a friendly adviser to its smallest depositor. And even a so-called neighborhood bank can hardly hope to be a moral censor of each family. Besides, if most of our divorces are caused by individual selfishness, by refusal to admit personal responsibility and by lack of sportsmanship and too much extravagance, even expert accounting won't cure those ills."

"Wait a minute," Robert Brown admonished me. "I haven't finished with you yet. Big business, if you want to call it that, is heavily interested in the persistence of matrimony. Bachelors and spinsters must eat to live, and must clothe themselves decently. It is a fact that clerks and office girls, especially of the flapper type, dress, go to theaters and manage to ride in motor cars pretty generously. But if it wasn't for the spending power of families all kinds of business would be out of luck. And if we didn't have millions of new families to pay cash or open charge accounts there wouldn't be any business to speak of. General marital bankruptcy would ruin us. So we are keen for more and happier families. And here's the plan that we've evolved."

He looked around the conference table and was greeted by a dozen nods. Then he proceeded.

"Business is safer than it used to be because it has [Continued on page 64]

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THE BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT MATRIMONY

[Continued from page 63]

learned from experience. The commercial world still has a few outstanding individuals, but organization and supervision are what the business structure depends on today. Each for all and all for each.

"The government supervises banks, the banks are watched by national and state bank examiners. In turn, those banks watch us business men, and we business men watch our customers. Moreover, few men and women are hired today without careful examination as to character, ability, experience and antecedents. A eugenics of business, as it were. I therefore propose, with my colleagues' consent, the financial management of marriages.

"This financial management should be coupled with some kind of physical supervision of romantic couples both before and after they contract a matrimonial partnership. Something along this latter line has been successfully experimented with in New Jersey where marriage licenses are granted by health officers. That is one step in the right direction.

"Not only should all prospective married couples be tested by officials who understand physiology and psychology so that the unfit or emotionally maladjusted may be debarred from matrimonial partnership. Both before and after the wedding ceremony they should be financially supervised by a competent authority selected by the local board of trade or chamber of commerce. Federal or state control would thus be avoided.

"There's nothing impracticable about this proposal of medical and business management. The latter will take the burden of budgeting off the hands of local banks and retail or wholesale credit managers. In that coming era of general domestic business management the income and expenditures of each family will be a matter of checks and balances after the manner of political states and commercial corporations. And there will be no publicity.

"After the medical authorities have sanctioned any marriage the financial authority will quietly ascertain, by outside investigation and interviews with the contracting parties, whether the new concern will be sound financially. Then, after the local financial manager has endorsed the formation of the partnership, he can, like a bank examiner, keep tabs on the happy couple. 'Happy' is used advisedly because the couple is bound to be happy under the circumstances.

"Mind you, this proposal is based on the understanding that each marriage will be a love affair. It will not be commercialized. The plan proposed will merely add common sense to sentiment as is done in so many cases within my ken. The new plan will tend to make matrimonial common sense nearly universal.

"A few errors in judgment may result, in which case divorce will be permitted without technicality. But divorces will be at a minimum that our nation will not spend millions annually maintaining homes for mental and physical unfortunates to say nothing of the hosts of children now made 'orphans' by our divorce courts.

"The supervision the business men propose will so perfect and perpetuate matrimony that long after we have been taken from this earth and official supervision has ceased to be an experiment a healthy and prosperous progeny will thank us for the millennium.

"Now think that over, and say something about it."

I gave the proper thanks due to sincere and expert aid.

I did that thinking, and I have had my say. Now I advise you to keep on with the thinking. You might decide to do something.

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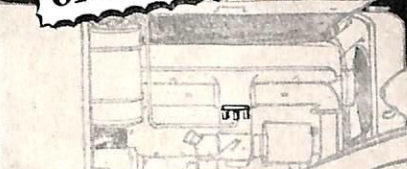
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